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WE READ YOUR MAIL

NIGHTMARE

Dear Editor,

In the following letter I have constructed a dream using the song titles from Alice Cooper's new album "Welcome To My Nightmare." It's a nightmare on its own.

Alice's Nightmare becomes mine!

"Years Ago," a college graduate who worked for the "Department of Youth" returned to his home to find his family gone. He found a note saying "Steven" I can't take any more of you and I'm in Chicago and don't try to reach me. Immediately he knew "Some Folks" in Chicago who she would stay with. Steven caught the first plane to Chicago and by dark had reached his destination. He stood in front of the house on Cooper Avenue near 18th. The house was dark except for the hall light. He entered looking in every room but couldn't see Ethyl or "Cold Ethyl" as he nicknamed her for wearing a sweater all the time. He entered the last room and saw Ethyl lying in bed. Cautiously he pulled a jar out from his coat pocket and in it was a "Black Widow" spider which he placed on her bed and loosened the top. The spider knocked off the lid and slowly crawled out of the jar and started toward Ethyl. Steven was not worried for himself for "Only Women Bleed" to death when bitten by the spider. The spider crept up her body and the movement and *The Awakening* caused the spider to bite. Ethyl screamed with pain as the spider bit at her neck. Steven made "The Escape" out of the window and down to the ground as neighbors' lights flicked on at the terrible scream and after a moment, silence was restored and now that death is reached, the spider also dies and both bodies become the "Devil's Food." A moment later I am awakened by a tingling sensation on my leg, it's a big spider just about to bite! I grab the copy of the latest Hit Parader Magazine and kill it. Alice Cooper, you're "Welcome To My Nightmare!"

Ronald Dupont
Canada

Nepotism

Dear Editor,

Wow - you can't believe how pissed I am. Why do people like Susan Ford get back to see Rod Stewart when normal people like us can't? I was reading this letter asking if she, Susan was going with him. They said no, but she met him backstage when he was in Washington, D.C. and asked him to come to dinner!

She got backstage to talk to him, but just regular people who buy his records, watch him on T.V. (did you see him on Midnight Special? He was fantastic! Keith Richard sure has a cute smile now!) and who go to his concerts can't. We're the ones who made him who he is. If it wasn't for us he wouldn't be who he is. You agree so far? It just pisses me coz' Susan Ford isn't anybody spectacular so why does she get back to see him? It just isn't fair! Maybe she'd get back there, see him and attack him. That would be funny! Susan Ford Attacks Rod Stewart! But ... if any other person got back there and attacked him it would be a disaster! The poor person who attacked him would get their ass kicked and thrown out. Me and Kevin can tell you about that sweet little happening And it sure wasn't really 'sweet'.

*It just gets me. It really does! It just isn't fair. Think about their buying public - we made them. Right? Right!! If we can't get back and meet them then they should give us more, *alot* more!*

I can't really get out what I'm talking about, but I think you get the point!

Love ya Lots!
Suzi Johnstone

P.S. Could you tell us who did Keith Richard's teeth and were they *alot*? God, you'd think so! They really look good! He probably tastes pretty good now!! Oops! How can I say such things? It's easy!

More ZoSo Perceptions, etc.

Dear Hit Parader,

Please print this letter because I'm sure all Led Zeppelin fans will appreciate it. There have been many letters in Hit Parader concerning the four symbols on Led Zep's fourth lp. I hope this will clear up any questions there have been. First, is the ZoSo, which is Jimmy Page's self-chosen symbol. The letters ZoSo are the symbol for the element electrum, and Jimmy's symbol is an elaboration of that symbol. Electrum was represented by the great Greek God, Zeus. In ancient times metals were associated by their properties with planets and the gods who shared them. Appropriately, Jimmy lived in an old black magician's house, who lived in the 19th century. Also, Jimmy is interested in the occult and the black arts. Also, alchemy. True alchemists were seeking to turn everything into gold!!!

John Bonham and John Paul Jones are represented by the two middle symbols which are known as runes. In early German civilizations, runes were linguistic

symbols. Through the ages, many runes have gained association with luck and hex charms.

The last symbol, of course is Robert Plant's. His is a feather inside of a circle. Robert designed it to signify his honesty. He said it himself, "I like people who lay down the truth, no rubbish."

Although many claim that Plant's symbol is in tribute to his half-Indian wife, Maureen.

Led Zeppelin's Number One Fan
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Hit Parader,

So John Paul Jones of Led Zep thinks no one wants to interview the rhythm section huh? Well baby, I'll give you an interview and an overview and a full frontal and a back. And if that ain't enough I'll play your organ anytime! (cause I doubt *that* blimp is ever limp!) Take that Gordon Fletcher. Hey also, is it true that John Bonham has a certain thing in common with those bulls he raises? Have to run now, just wanted John to know there's a lot to be said for a guy with rhythm.

Love & Kisses,
Shelley

Elton - Sexy? The Battle Continues

Dear Hit Parader,

I have always enjoyed reading your magazine. However, in your September issue I couldn't believe what I read in the mail section. I can't believe you would waste space printing letters from some pimply-faced virgin teenyboppers. One said some groupie - teen wanted Elton John to screw her and another said he was a virgin, and yet another said he was sexy. What the hell else are these idiots going to come up with? In reply to the one who wanted to screw, John would probably either commit suicide at the thought or do it to a wall socket. As for his virginity, who gives a shit? I think he digs guys. Sexy, my ass! He looks like a damn sausage. With all those feathers he wears, I'm surprised he doesn't just get up and fly away like the fairy he is.

Look, I like your magazine a lot, but aren't there any other letters for you to print? I hope you print this one, because I want to tell those freaks off, and the only way I can is this way.

You may think I don't like Elton John and you're right! I did before, but now I can't turn around without reading about him or hearing one of his "songs." Then when morons write in sickening letters about how peachy-keen they think he is, forget it! I'm sick of all this crap.

One last plea ... Please, your magazine is great, but people who really like music are really going to be turned off if you continue to print letters from frustrated little girls! I rest my case.

Take Heed.
Judy McLane
Miami, Florida □



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THE TUBES

DEDICATED CRAZIES

OR "I'm Doing It For My Mom...."

by Bruce Meyer

"We haven't gotten enough bad reviews; I meant to talk to you guys about that."

William Edmund "Sputnik" Spooner, Chief Tube, sits sideways in a cramped cafe booth, playing idly with his toes and trying to carry on a coherent conversation / interview with some out-of-town journalists. He is failing.

"We need bad reviews in order to stimulate the Midwest," he says, moving an elbow to avoid the water being sloshed on his table by a waitress in a pink apron and getting it in his lap instead. "So if you like the show, I want you to try to find something — really try. There must be something you won't like."

Maybe he should get Helen Reddy to write something for the Midwest: *she* didn't like the Tubes' show. Walked out of the Roxy about midway through "Mondo Bondage," one of the more

In fact, Sputnik Spooner claims he gave Alice his first big break. They both grew up in Phoenix and Sputnik's band was playing for the prom at Cortez High School. Spooner says Vince "seemed like a nice enough kid," so he let him fill in during the intermission. Soon after, their paths parted: Alice went to Detroit, Spooner to San Francisco.

The Tubes started out as the Beans, a four-man group. Sputnik has an odd

cafe with it and slams his forehead down on the table in the puddle that is dripping into his lap. We try to ignore him.)

"We got busted. We had no work permits and this guy — one of the promoters — was supposed to be paying off the mayor. The mayor's price went up and they deported us after the second night, put us on this train full of goddam chickens. The only \$250 we made, they took for the train fare to Nogales."



visually exciting numbers, just about the time the girl with the leather pasties starts whipping the lead singer.

The girl with the leather pasties is the Tubes' regular dancer, Re Styles. She appears in a costume of similar appeal on the back of the band's new album, with the top of her head cut off. The lead singer is Fee Waldo Waybill, who is almost as crazy as Sputnik Spooner.

Take a seven-member band (drums, bass, organ, synthesizer, two guitars and singer), add from one to five semi-nude dancers, two huge television screens and a video genius to run them, dozens of elaborate sets and costumes and the unfettered imaginations of some of rock 'n' roll's most dedicated crazies. There you have a fair approximation of the Tubes.

They are doing to sex what Alice Cooper did to violence.



tendency (actually he has a lot of them, but we won't have time to go into that) to build a group by adding "trailers." To the Beans, for example, he added a three-member singing team called The Radarmen from Uranus (consisting of Fee Waybill; Roger Steen, now lead guitarist; and Prairie Prince, now the Tubes' drummer). One of their first gigs together was in Mexico.

"These crazy Arizona producers took us down to Mazatlan for the big Easter college holiday freak-out," says Fee. "Down there we were called Los Frijoles Y Los Hombres de Uranus."

(At this point, Sputnik chokes on his water, sprays most of those sitting in the



Shortly thereafter, the Beans became the Tubes. Spooner, apparently recovered from his fit, explains:

"We were the Beans until art school and then we became the Tubes. Can you think of an artier name? No, that's not right. It was because the dog liked it — we had a dog and he liked the Tubes. No. The reason we changed the name was because someone else was named the Beans. They had a record in 1972."

By then, the Tubes' bizarro-theatrical approach to rock was growing, feeding on itself like some bloated worm of pure tastelessness. Besides "Mondo Bondage," the band now performs such works of

(continued on page 60)

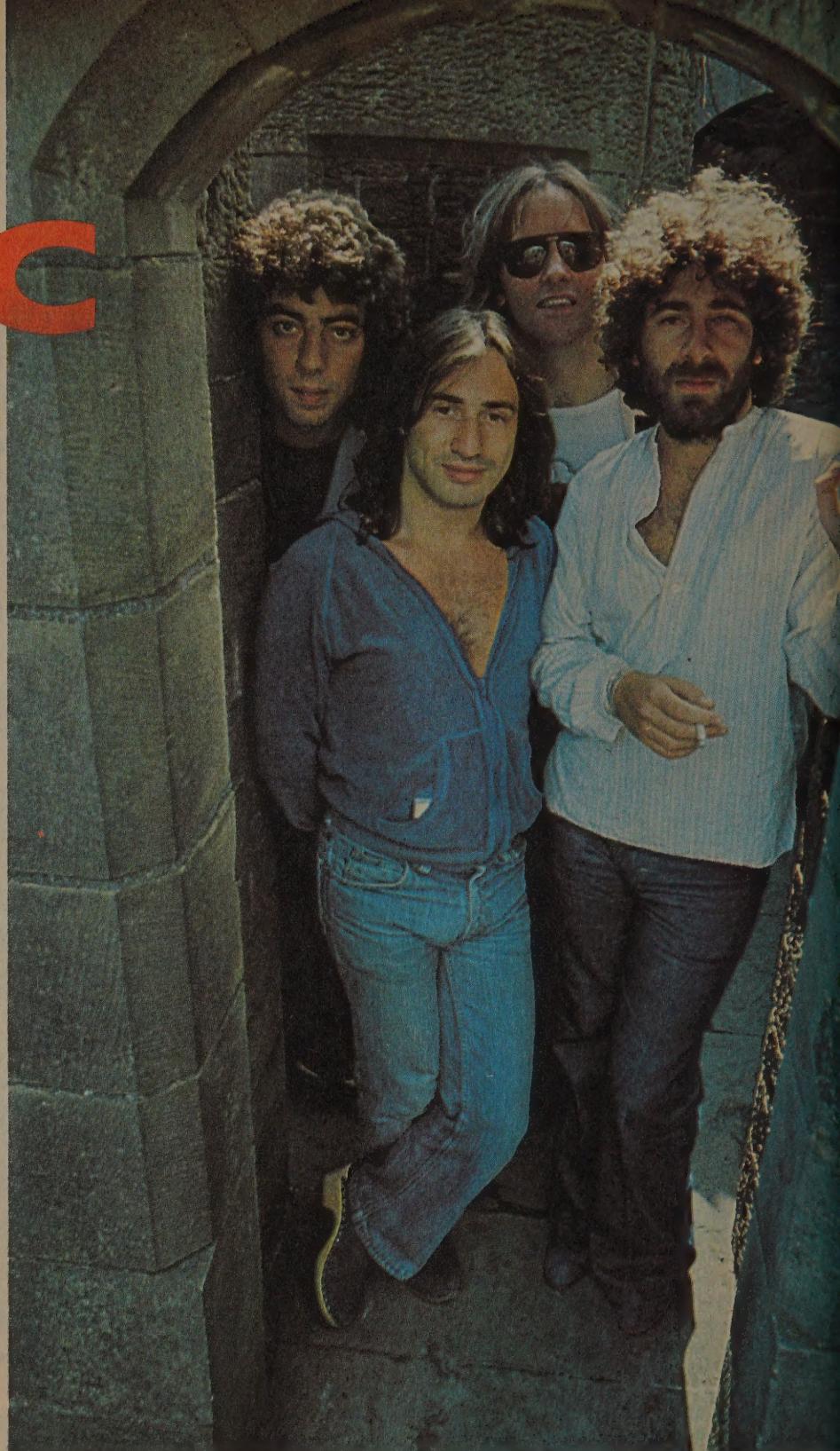
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256 Overdubs For "I'm Not In Love"

by Alan Betrock

When Eric Stewart and Graham Gouldman first wrote "I'm Not In Love", they liked it as an album track, but didn't consider it a single, — let alone a worldwide smash. In fact, Eric told me later, at one point the song was almost omitted from the album! "It was actually the first song we recorded when we went in to do the *Original Soundtrack LP*," Stewart remembered. "We did one version of it which we were not that happy with, so we decided to scrap it. We might have left it completely alone, but then Lol came up with the idea of using voices for the backing. That was the real turning point." Lol Creme, guitarist, songwriter, and vocalist with 10 C.C., was aiming towards something entirely new and different: "A lot of people assume that the backing on 'I'm Not In Love' is by a synthesizer — but they're wrong. It's all our voices overdubbed a total of 256 times!"

Graham Gouldman was quick to offer his thoughts on the big hit: "When we finished 'I'm Not In Love' we knew we had something very special, as we got a tremendous buzz out of it, but we were scared to release it. We thought it was a bit too subtle for the public, but I'm glad to say I was totally wrong on that account." Eric Stewart, who paid his dues as a member of the Mindbenders and Hotlegs, later became an accomplished engineer as well, having organized Strawberry Studios, where 10 C.C. do all their recordings. (Strawberry and 10 C.C. most recently provided the springboard for Neil Sedaka's comeback to the charts.) Eric explained the logistics behind all the overdubbing: "In a lot of ways 'I'm Not In Love' seems to be our simplest and most direct song, which is true, I suppose. Yet production-wise it is one of our most complicated recordings. Through the use of noise reduction systems and our 16-track board, we were able to virtually eliminate the problem of losing quality with all the overdubs. The resulting track, I think, is pretty clean." Interestingly enough, the fact that Eric can label their simplest song also as their most complicated, provides us with a paradoxical perspective which extends



even more deeply into 10 C.C.'s psyche.

In the past, the group has almost always intertwined diverse directions, leaving some fans and critics a bit dazed at the final product. Their first record, "Donna", was a send-up of the fifties love-theme genre, which some dubbed nostalgia, while others called it progressive. By the time "Rubber Bullets" rolled around, it was obvious that 10 C.C. were certainly more progressive than regressive, and more than that, something quite special. On 'Bullets' the lyrics were witty and intelligent. The melody was com-

plicated yet buoyantly refreshing, and the vocals were as distinct as they were precise. Tying the knot on the whole package, the stellar production provided the public with a totally dazzling display of 1970's creativity.

"Rubber Bullets" did reach a respectable #50 in America, but the band was obviously disappointed. After all, the record did hit #1 in Britain and much of the rest of the world, so why not here as well? After two critically acclaimed albums (*10 CC* and *Sheet Music*), and a slew of singles (including everyone's pick

-to-click, "Wall Street Shuffle") failed to sell, the band decided that a label change was called for. So the boys bade a not-so-fond farewell to UK/London, and linked up with the Mercury/Phonogram complex.

The first result of this new tieup was *The Original Soundtrack* LP, and the chart topping single, "I'm Not In Love". In an attempt to cash in on the group's new-found success, their old label began re-issuing old albums and singles. Eric views this as somewhat of a mixed blessing: "On one hand we are quite pleased, because the first two albums went virtually unnoticed, so as long as the material is good, we don't mind. There's a lot of good tracks that were wasted by London the first time around, and besides, a lot of our stage act includes that material, so the public may as well be familiar with it. I still have my doubts about London getting a hit single out of the old stuff — I don't think they could get a hit with the Beatles' 'Hey Jude' at this point..."

Turning towards their own followup decisions, Eric explained that the band did not feel that there was another suitable single on the *Original Soundtrack* LP. Consequently, they went into the studio in August to record something completely new. "We're not going in specifically to record a single," declared Eric, "we're actually recording our next album — but as soon as we come up with something that we feel is strong enough, we'll rush it over to the States." One thing is for certain though, and that is that the group will not be content to simply echo "I'm Not In Love's" style. Eric: "We're always trying to change and

progress, and we're not going to become a ballad band. Of course we were pleasantly surprised by 'Love's' success, but in no way will we abandon our musical goals." Insofar as those goals are concerned, the group has concrete plateaus in mind: "We are looking for a new kind of music. Over the last few years, everything has always been compared to the Beatles. What we're working on is to get over that hump, into new areas, so people can stop looking backwards. We've been partly successful in the past, and we're going to continue to pursue that direction."

The foursome began recording their next album in late July, and spent most of August and September on that project. "When we started, we only had four songs very well planned out, but as we worked, new concepts emerged. Our ideas are always ready when we go in to record, although the actual songs may not yet be fully constructed. As far as the album is concerned, there is no real concept, contentwise. It's just a collection of different songs."

With the album to be released during October, the group has planned an extended tour of America to coincide with its release. "We couldn't get over during the summer, because the right tour couldn't be organized. When we play in the Fall, we'll be able to do our full British act, with our own PA and light show, and that lasts just under two hours. As if to underscore the group's past success and confident outlook, Eric boasts: "We shan't be a support group ever again!"

Stewart doesn't see too much value in the music-scene as it is now, and cares even less for Britain's latest heart-throbs, the Bay City Rollers. He has no qualms

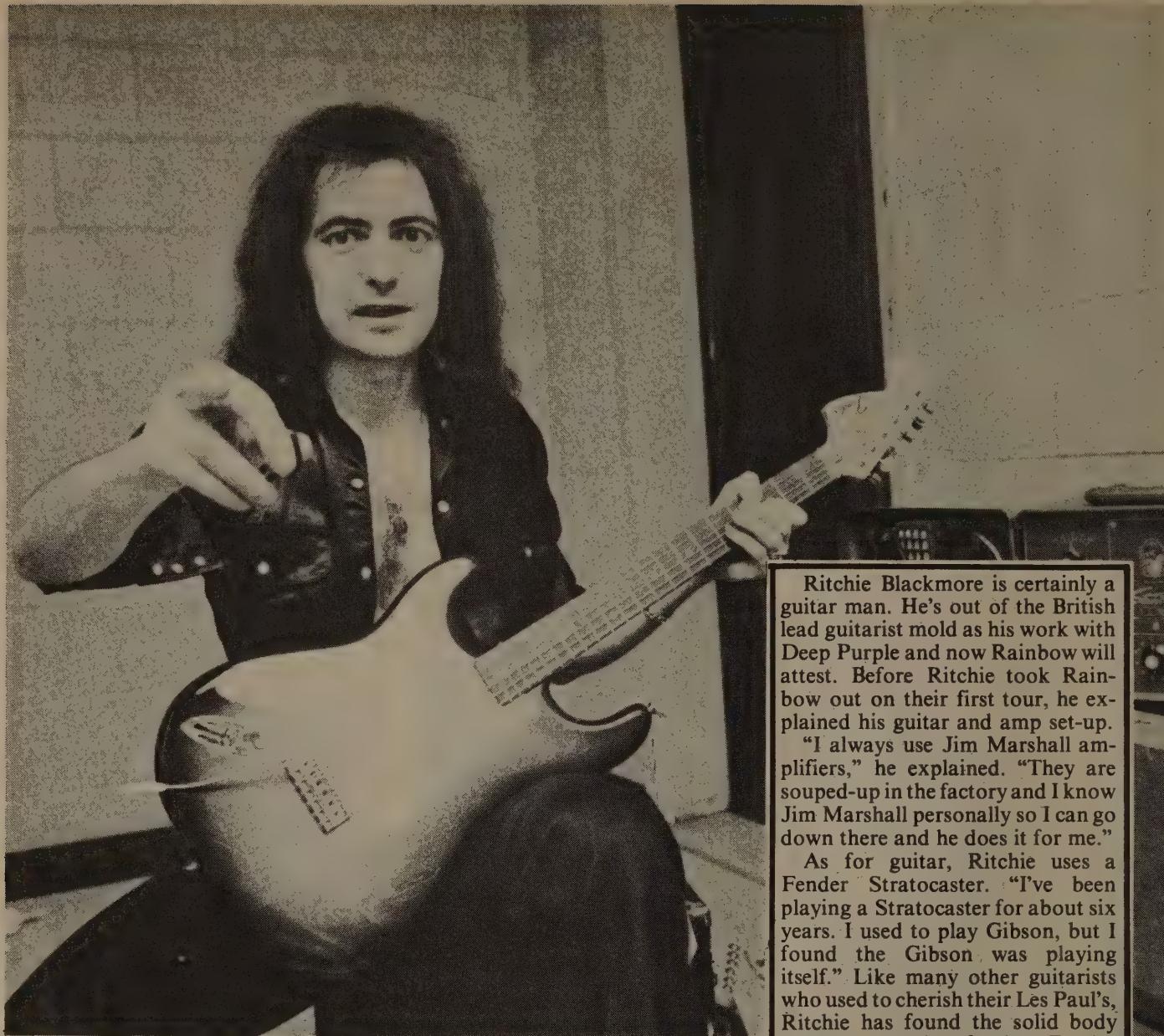
about speaking his mind: "I'm not sure if they can make it in America, although personally I don't think they stand a chance. Slade didn't do it there, and I don't really think you can hype the American public that much. The Rollers are pure hype. I mean, no one really even knows if they can play. Their concerts are just 45-minutes of constant screaming." Eric goes on: "I liked the last Eagles LP, and I listen to Maria Muldaur quite a bit, but I was quite disappointed with Elton's last album. I found it quite boring. As far as McCartney goes, there were only three good tracks on *Venus & Mars* — the rest of the time he was just potting around!"

Besides having to sustain the hectic pace of recording and extensive touring, the band is also constructing their own studio in Manchester: "Strawberry was doing so well as a commercial venture that we had a hard job getting enough time for ourselves to record. Our new facility will be completely independent from Strawberry, and just be for our private use. It's going to be a 24-track setup and we're quite excited about the prospects."

Clearly it would easier for the band to maintain their success with predictable and commercial music, but one gets the feeling that they would rather lapse back into cult status than dilute or abandon their musical goals. Retaining their mass acceptance, while still producing adventuresome music is not going to be a simple task, but 10CC have never been known to shy away from challenges in the past. Judging from their proven talent and belief in themselves, it's my guess that they won't consciously alter that policy in the future. □



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RITCHIE BLACKMORE'S GUITAR

Playing A Stratocaster

by Richard Robinson

Ritchie Blackmore is certainly a guitar man. He's out of the British lead guitarist mold as his work with Deep Purple and now Rainbow will attest. Before Ritchie took Rainbow out on their first tour, he explained his guitar and amp set-up.

"I always use Jim Marshall amplifiers," he explained. "They are souped-up in the factory and I know Jim Marshall personally so I can go down there and he does it for me."

As for guitar, Ritchie uses a Fender Stratocaster. "I've been playing a Stratocaster for about six years. I used to play Gibson, but I found the Gibson was playing itself." Like many other guitarists who used to cherish their Les Paul's, Ritchie has found the solid body "jazzy" sound of the Fender Stratocaster to be the more exciting sound for the times. "It's a much harder guitar to play," he says. "It's rather like a cello when you get all the notes."

As for all the little boxes that have come to be part of the modern guitarist's equipment to achieve fuzz, wah, and other effects, Ritchie eschews them. "I don't use any effects at all really, because I've found that they just cause trouble and they always blow up or something happens, so I just go right through the amp and I occasionally use echo but that's it, I don't use any wah-wah or phasers."

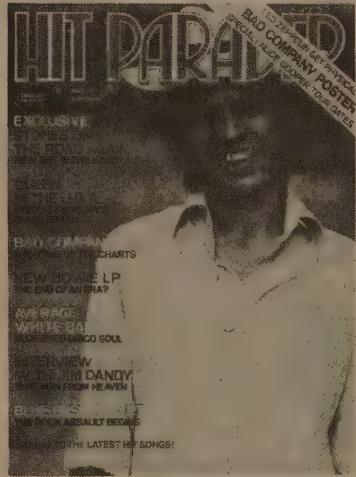
Doesn't he feel ill-equipped in this day and age when if you don't buy six boxes they won't sell you a guitar?

"No," says Ritchie, "because while they are all out buying the boxes, I'm home practicing." □

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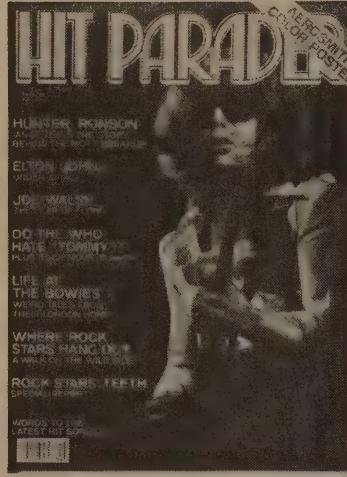
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ROCK & ROLL HOTLINE

by Lisa Robinson



Roger Daltrey ... still hard to believe as a movie star....

Following an October-November tour of England and Europe, The Who will come to the States definitely in November. After one month of concerts here, they'll return to their families for the holidays (never a band to be able to take too much road life; all that beating each other up ...), and then come back to America in February for another one month go-round at concerts. Roger Daltrey came back to the States briefly on his own, for the premieres of "Lisztomania". The first was held at New York's Ziegfeld Theater (the scene of the crime of the "Tommy" opening) on October 11th, another held in Los Angeles the same week. Rick Wakeman timed his Madison Square Garden and L.A. Forum concert dates to coincide with the film's openings; he's premiering his score for the movie....

And word is now that Roger Daltrey may do another movie, this time with film director Michaelangelo Antonioni....

Ida S. Langsam

Labelle will have costumes more outrageous than ever before, promises Nona Hendryx, when they tour this fall. "They're sleeker, and they're built. Before I would always worry if my ass was sticking out onstage, and Pat would move so much during a show that when she'd come offstage her clothes would be in shreds," laughed Nona. "These have been designed by Dorian Blakely, and he's really constructed them ... mine weighs about thirty five pounds, and is lined four or five times. Some of them have steel and wire inside. In addition to the tail Nona will wear, one of her ensembles features a live bird on the top of her head.



Andrew Kent

Among other things, a live bird on Nona's head.



Elton - proud to say "quaalude" on the air.

Elton John was in New York to help promote Neil Sedaka's Rocket Records' lp, "The Hungry Years", recently. "I think Neil writes bloody good songs," Elton said, "if you'll pardon my English. But he shouldn't be considered a 'rock and roll returnee', with people asking him over and over to do his old stuff. I wouldn't want to have to perform 'Crocodile Rock' forever. It's a great kick to have your own record company and see it take off," he continued, "I knew it wouldn't happen overnight, but it's good to be able to help promote other talent. Enough people, when they get to a position of power in this industry, don't do interesting things. In addition to trying to promote musical talent with the label, I'm interested in improving what's on TV. We did a live show from London and it was fabulously exciting because it was live. There really haven't been good live shows on TV since the old days of 'Ready, Steady, Go'." Elton said to WNEW-FM disc jockey, Scott Muni, "even though the sound isn't always great, it's hard to get good sound out of a TV speaker."

Oh, and Elton did tell Scott that he was glad he got a chance on the "Rock Awards" to say the word "quaalude" on the air...

London Features Int. Ltd.

Robert Plant is in seclusion in Malibu, recuperating from his automobile accident. Jimmy Page has joined him there, along with Zeppelin manager Peter Grant, but there are still no plans for Zep to tour at least until the spring. Meanwhile Swan Song Records have signed Detective, a new group led by former Silverhead Michael Desbarres. Rumors are that Jimmy may produce the band, but that's not confirmed yet. Robert and Jimmy have both been keeping somewhat busy writing songs.



Richard Creamer

David Bowie had to stay in L.A. longer than expected, in order to tape his segment of a forthcoming "Cher" show. He couldn't get into the New York Electric Lady studios anyway, not until Patti Smith finished her album there (with John Cale producing). David is set to record two lp's, one - his next for RCA, the other, the soundtrack of "The Man Who Fell to Earth". While David relaxed in Hollywood, wife Angela was busy in New York getting her own career together. Planning a lecture tour of college campuses similar to one she did in England, Angela talked on "Aspects of Entertainment". Reached at her Manhattan townhouse (with voice of Bowie son Zowie heard clearly in the background) Angela purred, "I'm so excited ... I just can't wait to get out there and visit American campuses. All those bright young eager things ... just waiting..."

Meanwhile, David's personal assistant was forced to board a train to L.A. recently with a compartment full of video and audio tapes that David wouldn't trust to the airlines...



The Bay City Rollers — bigger than you-know-who?

Mike Putland

Whether or not the Bay City Rollers are a phenomenon here like they are in England remains to be seen. As we go to press the country is not exactly buzzing with excitement over their impending arrival, but there are some big things planned. They'll do three Howard Cosell TV shows; one, live via satellite from London, the second, an interview with Howard taped when the boys ar-

rived at the airport, and the third - hopefully, a live "musical" segment done in New York if there was enough excitement from the first two weeks. In between, no doubt, they'll have been kept plenty busy telling everyone how much they love American girls, how they couldn't wait to come to the States, and how Their Dream is to Be As Big As The Beatles.



Kiss - looking for a hit single.

Kiss has been recording their next lp in the Record Plant in New York with producer Bob Ezrin. "By next year they should be the biggest group in the country," Ezrin told us, "all they need is a hit single, and I'm going to get that out of

them" said the man who did the same for Alice Cooper. In Cadillac, Michigan recently, 1500 students and faculty members of the local high school all painted their faces with Kiss makeup for a "Kiss Weekend"....



London Features, Int. Ltd.

David Essex - to try again?

Carole King is at her farm in Connecticut, writing new songs with former husband and partner Gerry Goffin. Although Carole has filed for divorce from Husband Number Two, Charles Larkey, the association with Goffin is purely professional. She wanted to get away from Malibu for awhile, and she has nearly half an album done ... The rumours that Keith Moon may not do the Who tour persist. Yet by the time you read this, it may have been resolved ... David Essex is going down a storm in England, he's due to come here in November. Mott (without "The Hoople") will possibly be on the bill with him ... Lou Reed has been in heavy legal negotiations to change management ... Stevie Wonder's next lp to be titled "Songs in the Key of Life" ... Another posthumous Jimi Hendrix lp will be released. Titled "Midnight Lightning", it will have a blues motif and will again be put together by Alan Douglas ... Tim Curry recorded a John Phillips' song titled "Just Fourteen", with Brian Wilson on background vocals. □

RECORDS

by Jean-Charles Costa

PHOENIX/
LaBelle Epic PE 33579



PHOENIX continues to mine the musical format that worked so successfully for LaBelle on *NIGHTBIRDS*, the album that launched their "second" career. Recorded at Sea-Saint studios in New Orleans with production and arrangements by Allen Toussaint, **PHOENIX** offers up the same high octane blend of danceable, up-tempo tunes, lyrical mood pieces, and social consciousness performed with the passionate conviction that Patti, Nona, and Sarah always bring to

their music. In fact, some of the vocal performances run a very fine line between naked emotional intensity and undiluted hysteria, but that's perfectly in keeping with seventies excessiveness.

Nona Hendryx has written most of the material for the album, and although the melodies aren't as memorable or distinctive as those found on *NIGHTBIRDS*. She still manages to skillfully refine word and music into a streamlined combination that evokes the various facets of contemporary consciousness with unerring accuracy. Her basic themes are certainly not revelatory — woman oppressed, the fight against apathy, time out for sex — but her craftsmanship is beyond reproach.

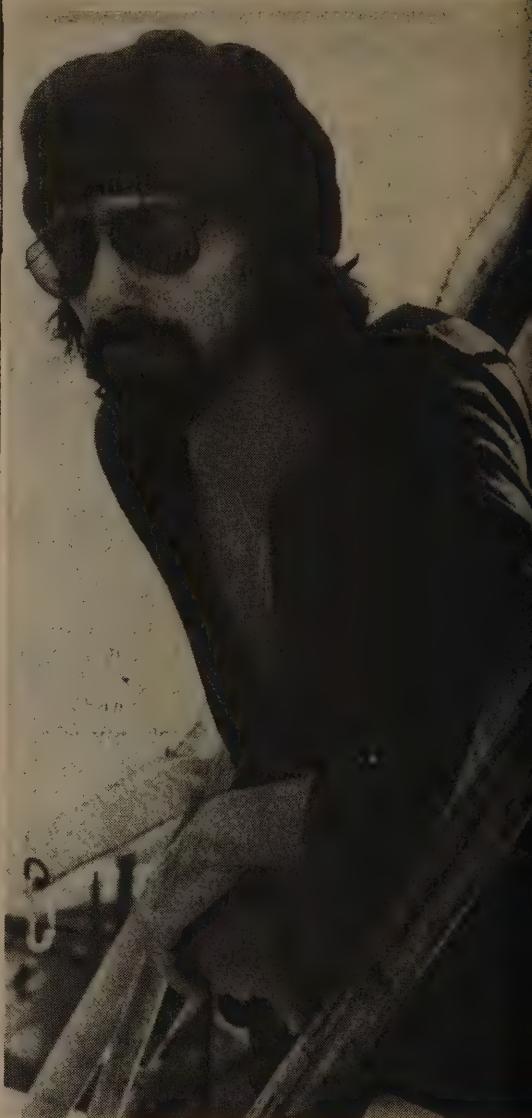
The music itself is a little more ornate this time around. Built on punchy rhythm tracks that are oriented towards body movement of one kind or another, most of Toussaint's arrangements are characterized by a rolling, barrelhouse piano, crisp highs, tasty horn accents, and the inevitable "phase shifted" organ and guitar washing over the top. Guitar solos are a bit more evident here. Ranging from a gritty slide guitar sound to single note bursts, they are compressed through an arsenal of studio devices and generally pop up during the "ride-outs" on some of the real movers like "Give It Up" and the title tune.

Nona and Sarah's taut and expressive harmonies are brilliantly placed to create the right amount of rhythmic tension against Patti's leads. Miss LaBelle continues to demonstrate great power and range even though she does push too hard at times. Ironically, some of her softer vocal passages — the bridge on "Black Holes" — are much more effective than the orgasmic, shoutin' style that she's known for.

In essence, **PHOENIX** is a slick and stylized piece of work, centered on well-known musical quantities. Minor points for over dramatization and excessive sincerity, full credit for technical execution and knowing what their public wants to hear.

HOTLINE

J. Geils Band Atlantic SD 18147



It seems like the J. Geils Band is at a very critical point in their ongoing development. Retreating from the more experimental but less commercially successful expanded "pop" context on *NIGHTMARES*, they have settled back into the more comfortable and familiar urban funk groove that made them famous. The problem is that this kind of music, with its fairly restricted melodic parameters, no longer affords them much of a creative challenge. All they can do is to further refine their individual instrumental work, which is all well and good but essentially meaningless when there's no strong core material to hook it into.

From the first few bars on the opening cut, "Love-Itis" — another obscure classic unearthed by Wolf and the guys — we hear the same, tired old rock 'n roll rhythm guitar pattern that re-occurs once every five minutes in contemporary rock ses-

RECORDS

BORN TO RUN

Bruce Springsteen



sions. Obviously the band has this and all the other stock rock/R&B conventions down to an exact science, but in this era of rapidly evolving musicianship and technical expertise, they run the risk of becoming an "endangered species" if they don't try to open things up. J. Geils and Seth Justman still have a lot to offer on guitars and keyboards however. Their playing gets more focussed in terms of concise, dramatic impact with every passing album. J., the most adventurous at this point in time — slide solo on "Jealous Love", alternating clean and "dirty" guitar sounds perfectly counter balanced on other tracks — is really a master at getting a good sound from his instrument in the studio. Seth's wide-ranging keyboard style adds a more complex and driving texture to each track, but is occasionally lost in the frenetic dynamics of the group interaction.

The rhythm section, sparked by the irrepressible spirits of Danny Klein (bass) and Stephen Jo Blad (drums), keeps the whole thing tight and straight ahead. In their case, *basic* is indeed better and their seemingly limitless energy flow is still a key factor in J. Geils' music. Magic Dick admittedly has the best tone and phrasing of the modern harp playing school, but his appearances on this album are curiously few and far between. Peter's vocalizing continues to boast enthusiasm as its primary virtue.

Please excuse a personal intrusion, but in many ways this has been one of the toughest reviews I've ever had to write. Not just because of a strong personal feeling developed out of a friendly working relationship buried in the immediate past, but mainly because I still cling to the belief that this is a damn good band. I respect their integrity — historical and musical — towards the forms that they've chosen to work with, but it's patently obvious that they are fast approaching the "hour of decision." If they want to remain true to the tradition, they must willingly resign themselves to merely "respectable" sales and a fixed spot on the secondary rock echelon. If they still want to be stars, in the full-blown sense of the word, they're gonna have to take the music a lot further than this.

Not to sound redundant, but this is clearly the album that the passionate apostles of the Bruce Springsteen school have been eagerly awaiting for years. It's easy to see why *BORN TO RUN* has had such a strong initial impact with most of the critics. First, there's Springsteen's immaculate taste when it comes to choosing influences. He has synthesized all the best tendencies of the Phil Spector / Crystals / Ronettes sound montages, the Who, Van Morrison, Elvis, and a host of other fifties and sixties musical figures who run the gamut from well-known to arcane, virtually never - heard - from - again one shot classics. The kind of obscure "finds" that critics love to toss around the dinner table when they're trying to out-gun each other in the archive - knowledgeability department. More

significantly, Springsteen has the talent to incorporate this amalgam of styles into his music in an original way.

The whole album is marked by great care, intelligence, and solid craftsmanship on every level. Besides the good instincts of Bruce and his powerhouse E Street Band, a large part of the credit for this goes to Jon Landau's sensitive guidance in the production. Working together they strive for an ambitious mix and overall texture — big, dense, "tough" sound with lots of echo and delicate effects like chimes, harpsichord, and glockenspiel on top — taking seminal sixties concepts and pushing them to their logical seventies extreme. The musicianship is dazzling, specially Clarence Clemmons' saxophone and Randy Brecker's guest trumpet playing, and Bruce's knife-edge Fender guitar has finally been brought up in the mix for all to hear. Although the characteristic "soft - to - loud" dynamic build does get repetitive, the brilliant juxtaposition of horn lines, hypnotic keyboard figures, soaring, metallic rhythm and lead guitar, and a throb-bing bottom sound creates an excitement and tension that has been missing in rock for a long time.

To go with the music, Bruce has come up with some of his most dramatically effective vocal work to date. His vocal "rave-up" towards the end of "Jungleland" is absolutely shattering, while the soft, moody, and introspective singing on "Meeting Across The River" — balanced by Brecker's languid, bluesy trumpet — makes this track a personal favorite. Besides being one of the few to write halfway interesting lyrics these days, Springsteen is a genius at evoking the rapidly changing moods of his particular urban - suburban nightmare / ecstasy environment. We've all heard songs about cars, lost love, violence, anonymity in the bigger scheme of things etc., but tunes like "Backstreets", "She's The One", "Thunder Road", and the title tune offer a brand new perspective. His "camera-eye" scans a wide area, zooming in close to single out particularly dramatic series of events and colorful, "local" characters.

Sometimes Springsteen almost seems too good to be true. A perfect construct. Would a real punk rocker from New Jersey really wear a leather jacket, funk-sneakers, and a torn shirt in an albeit cute but glossy album cover shot? Wouldn't a true child of the people dress up in his Sunday best for the occasion? Oh well, a minor point to be sure. □



TOMMY BOLIN

**quit the James Gang
for a solo career,
then Deep Purple
called**

by Richard Robinson

Tommy Bolin made a name for himself when he played lead guitar for that Mid-Western phenomenon, the James Gang. Seeking a wider audience, Bolin quit the group and signed to Nemperor Records in June of 1975 as a solo artist. A month later he was recruited by Deep Purple who had lost Ritchie Blackmore and were in need of a guitarist of Bolin's energies.

Bolin started out in the Sixties as guitarist with the Colorado-based rock group, Zephyr. From there he toured with the James Gang, recording on their first two albums, *Bang* (1973) and *Miami* (1974). He also recorded as lead guitarist on albums by drummers Billy Cobham and Alphonse Mouzon. His reputation is one which allows him to cross the hard rock — jazz inspired playing boundaries.

Asked what he thought about when he left the James Gang, Bolin says, "A solo album." "Which I'm doing right now," he adds. He spent six months trying to get the right people for the album which he eventually recorded at Electric Lady Studios in New York and the Record Plant in Los Angeles. "I always have trouble finding the right keyboard player and I had been unsuccessful in finding the people that thought the same way as I did,

so I didn't try to put a band together, but rather went to work on an album."

We jump from his album to Deep Purple. "They called me up and I went over and we jammed. They dug it, and I dug it. In the first minute, literally." The result was a quick agreement to join Purple and a hustle to get the final touches on his own album out of the way before joining Purple to record their album in Germany. The result is a Tommy Bolin album and a Deep Purple album set for release within weeks of each other.

After months in the studio Tommy plans to return to the U.S. where he will "take a couple of months off and get a band together and go out myself, and play here and there." Tommy says he wants to pursue things with his solo play-

ing that Purple won't reflect. "The Purple thing is mainly just straight ahead rock. My solo thing will be much more instrumental and different time signatures. I love doing both and while I'm involved with Purple I'm involved with Purple. And when I'm involved with myself then it's myself."

At this point in the interview Tommy disappeared and came back with a glass of milk.

"You'll ruin your image," I chide.

"Maybe not," Tommy shrugs, "Maybe I'll start a whole new trend, put down the Jack Daniels and pick up a glass of milk."

Tommy sips and I roll back to his years with the James Gang. We start to talk and Tommy really doesn't say much about them.



"Was it frustrating for you?" I ask in a burst of directness.

"Yeah, on stage mainly," he says. "There was no communication and when there is no communication there is no learning and when there's no learning then I become stagnant."

"So that was your motivation for leaving them?"

"Mainly, yeah, and also I think we were all on different sides of the river."

Back to Deep Purple. "You'll be pretty surprised at the stuff that's on the new album," he says.

"In terms of what, rock and roll or variety?" I ask.

"Variety."

"Is that a challenge to you?"

"No, not at all. In fact, if anything, I think I'm kind of showing off the rest of the band because before they just weren't being complemented enough, I mean Ian Paice is an incredible drummer, really incredible. In fact, he's just so smooth. We all get along really well and we play really well together because we respect each other's playing."

I point out that getting along may be as important as how well Tommy and Purple play.

"Oh certainly," he says. "I've seen groups that are amazing musicians and hate each other and people can tell. And I've seen rotten bands that really dig each other and they sound good."

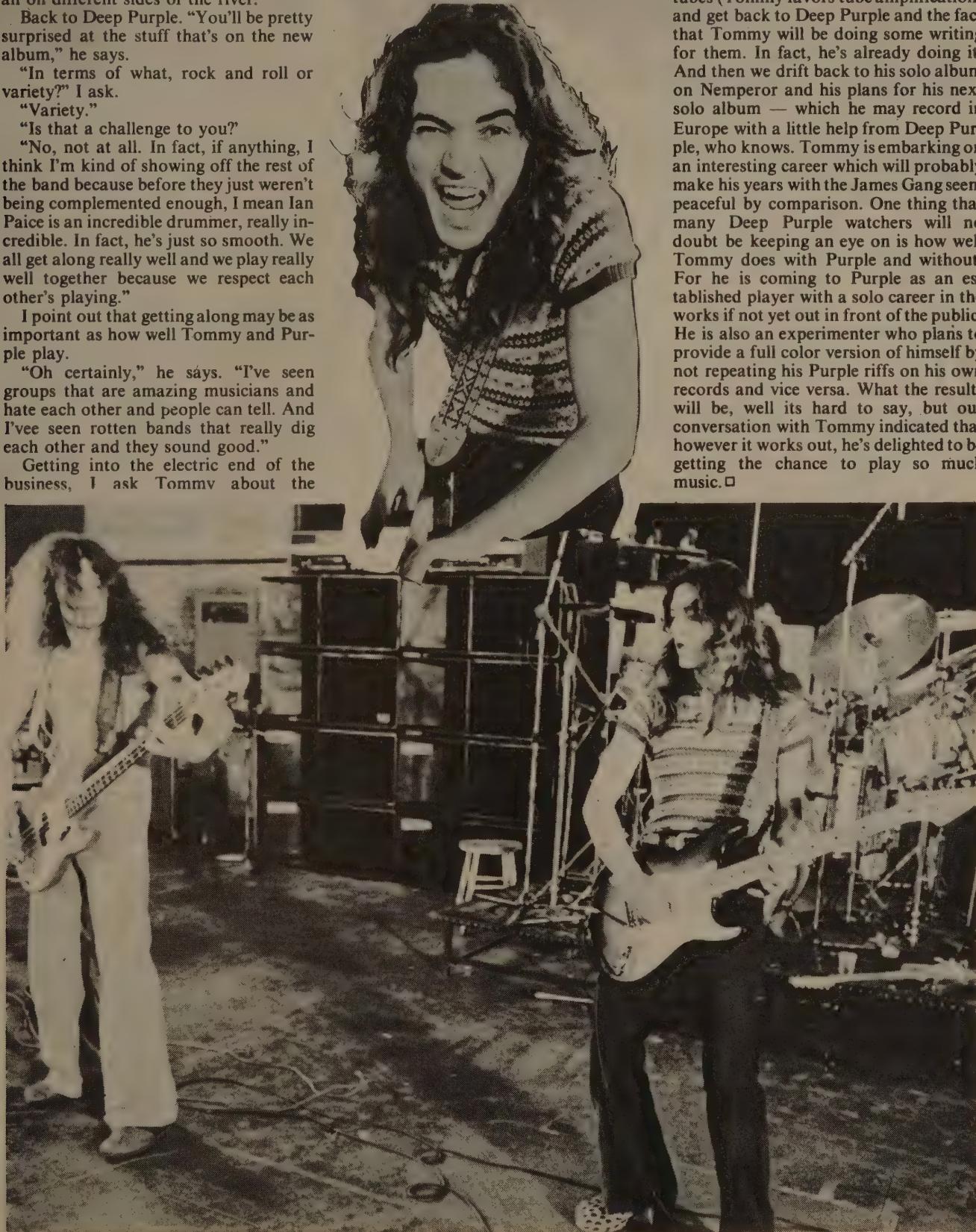
Getting into the electric end of the business, I ask Tommy about the

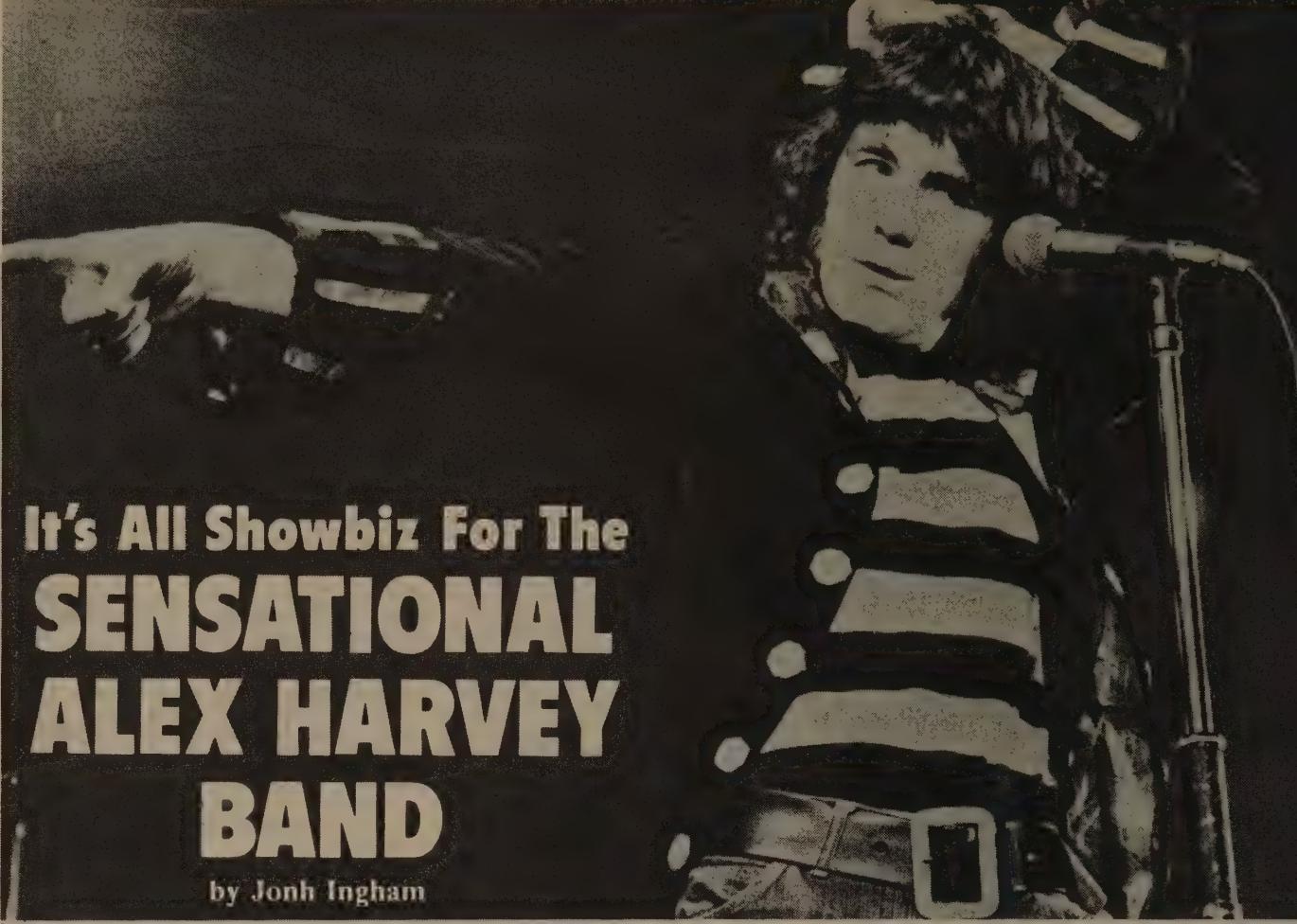
Stratocaster he's playing, it's a custom Fender in that it has a Telecaster neck on it. Tommy is another of the guitarists who has switched from Les Paul Gibson to Fender Strat. "I made the switch about three years ago because I could never play the Strat because it bothered me that the strings were so close to the body as opposed to the Les Paul where the strings are further away. But the tones, you can

get many more tones out of the Strats and it took a while to get used to but just the tone advantage is so much greater."

As for amplification, Tommy is using three Hi Watt 100 watt tops and six Sound City Bottoms. "I'll probably add some more things. I'm getting into this stereo thing and panning across the stage and the like."

We bounce away from transistors and tubes (Tommy favors tube amplification) and get back to Deep Purple and the fact that Tommy will be doing some writing for them. In fact, he's already doing it. And then we drift back to his solo album on Nemperor and his plans for his next solo album — which he may record in Europe with a little help from Deep Purple, who knows. Tommy is embarking on an interesting career which will probably make his years with the James Gang seem peaceful by comparison. One thing that many Deep Purple watchers will no doubt be keeping an eye on is how well Tommy does with Purple and without. For he is coming to Purple as an established player with a solo career in the works if not yet out in front of the public. He is also an experimenter who plans to provide a full color version of himself by not repeating his Purple riffs on his own records and vice versa. What the results will be, well it's hard to say, but our conversation with Tommy indicated that however it works out, he's delighted to be getting the chance to play so much music. □





It's All Showbiz For The SENSATIONAL ALEX HARVEY BAND

by John Ingham

The band has been snarling for an hour or more. Behind them is a brick wall, upon which the singer has earlier spray painted VAMBO ROOL as his contribution to the solo of that song. As they stomp into "Framed" the singer punches his way through the wall from behind. Climbing through he takes a can of beer, pops it, pours a good handful and slops it into his black hair, the excess dribbling onto his studded leather jacket. He slicks his hair into a quick D.A. Singing, he climbs down to stage front. Taking a packet of stockings he sunders the cellophane, stretches both flimsy nylons and stuffs them into his mouth. Slowly removing one he wraps it around the mike stand and pulls it tight. Removing the other he jams it over his head. Overtones of IRA and bank raids: instant shock. The band still spit and snarl. Welcome to the Sensational Alex Harvey Band.

"Some people get the wrong impression with "Framed". They think I'm trying to turn a lot of kids into juvenile delinquents or something and there could be nothing further from the truth. The guy who does "Framed" is obviously an all-time loser, everybody knows that, but he's not any worse than some politicians, because they keep saying the same sort of thing. 'Well it wasn't me.' Everyone says it: 'Well it wasn't my fault.' I'll say it was me to anything if it was my fault."

Alex Harvey was born February 5,

1935 in Glasgow. He's small but rugged, a body and voice that looks and sounds well lived in. Over the years he's seen life and violence of every sort: street gangs in his tenement stomping grounds, docking, fruit portering at the local market (reportedly a good training ground for criminals), and so on through thirty-six jobs, including lion tamer's apprentice. He left school at fourteen, at twenty he became involved in music.

"I was listening to Hank Williams, Gary Mitchell, Johnny Ray. But then Fats Domino, Elvis, Little Richard, Gene Vincent. I'd been playing trumpet in a jazz band and a bit of cowboy guitar. I think for me the thing was the guitar solo in "Heartbreak Hotel". That struck a chord. And the electric guitar — that was devastating! Because before that there was *music* and then it became possible for anyone to buy a guitar on hire purchase, learn E and then crash! Mother said, 'That's too loud.' Yeah! Turn it up all the way and crash! again. Then good musicians said it's out of tune, it's the wrong chords ... Fuck you! Crash! again. I don't think there's been anything as devastating since."

His excursions in rock soon earned him the title of Scotland's Tommy Steele. In 1959 he formed the Alex Harvey Big Soul Band, an eight piece soul band that never compromised throughout the seven years of its existence. Like most other British

groups he made the pilgrimage to Hamburg in 1963 but never bothered to return, until the onset of psychedelia in 1966 caused them to disband. Returning to London he did some nightclub singing and then joined the band of 'Hair', where he stayed until 1972. By then the laid back styles of the late Sixties were being replaced by the raucousness of T. Rex and Slade — it was cool to rock again and although Alex likes almost any kind of music his style has always been rock. He began looking for a band.

"I knew what I wanted. I wanted a band that was already tight, because I'd seen so many kids hitting the road, having one or two hit records, then can't take it, so I wanted people who were already closely knit so I found Tear Gas. They'd been together about three years and made a couple of records, but they needed direction. They needed somebody out front and they needed somebody who had learned. The only reason I had learned was because I had made every mistake you can make."

Tear Gas were a local Glasgow band he had been told of. Hitting it off immediately they reformed as the Sensational Alex Harvey Band and started on an endless round of clubs, halls and third-on-the-bill tours. "We did a Slade tour and it was 'fuck off!' We went on and told them we were sensational, the best band they'd probably ever seen in their

lives and all that schtick, which is showbusiness. And a lot of these kids come and see us and tell us things like, "We saw you because we hated you!"

That it's all showbiz is Alex's catchword. Over the years the band has developed a theatrical act that for all its simplicity is high in shock and attention value. It stems from when he was ten, accompanying his father around Scotland's Western Highlands just after the War when he was a driver for gypsies. Things were hard to get and the gypsies were travelling department stores.

"It was like a travelling circus because in order to sell anything they had to get a spiel right there and then. Instantaneously you had to attract their attention. And that made an impression on me.

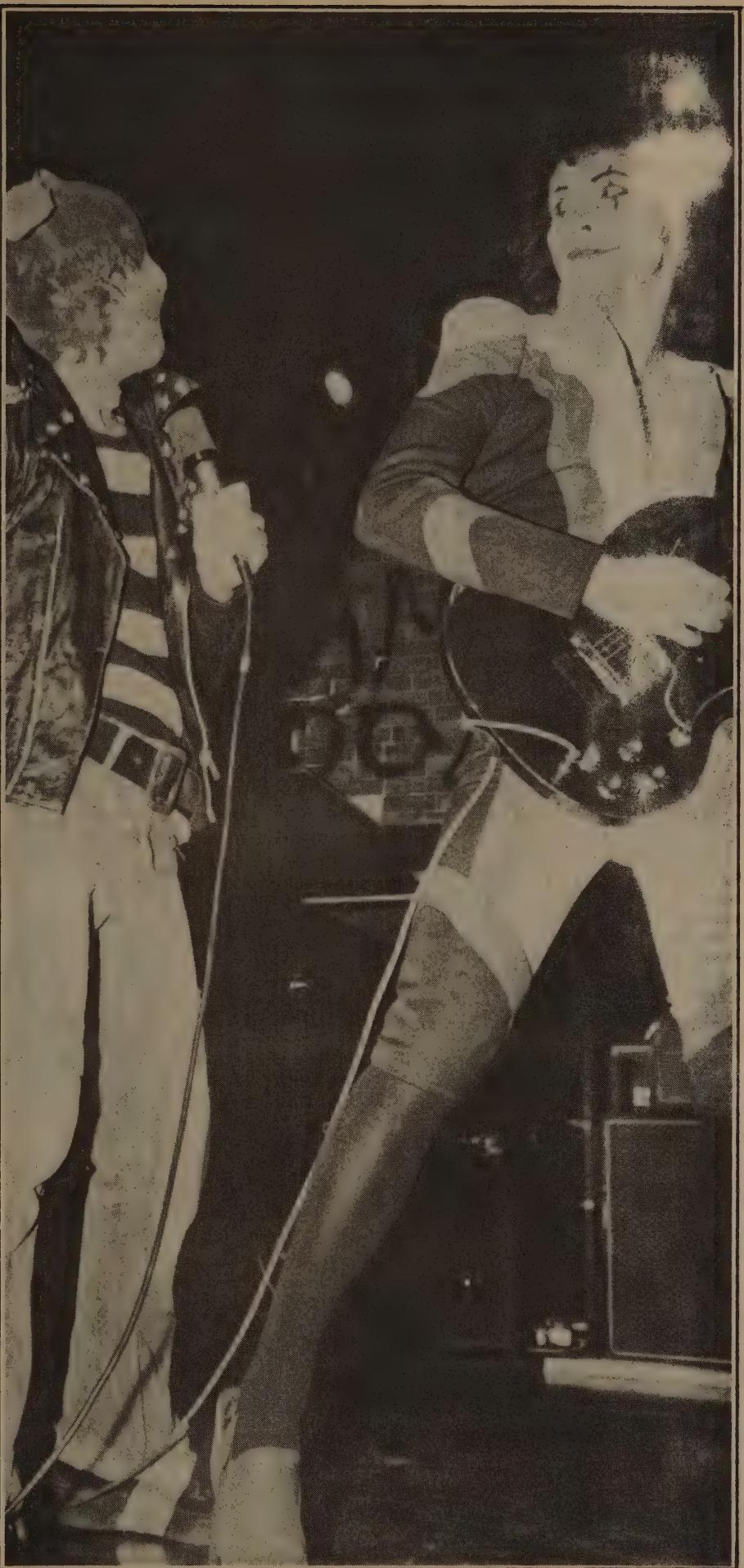
"Basically what I'm doing is selling an act. And rock 'n' roll was that originally. The first people I saw — I mean Little Richard with that haircut and the suit. It's silly to suddenly see glitter rock, what about Elvis' gold lame jacket? How flash can you get? That's what it was: get hold of the customer. But at the same time the music has to be good or the whole thing has no point.

"When we started off especially we got some very strange reactions. I suppose a lot of it has got to do with the choice of material and the fact that the band can and do play very heavily when it's called for. But we can change that to a degree — get silly even. Myself, I look at the whole thing as the entertainment business; rock 'n' roll is part of the entertainment business and in order for it to grow up and expand it's got to move and it's got to envelop and take all kinds of different music. There's nothing sacred as far as I'm concerned. Nothing at all, it's just music. I like almost anything. As long as the people playing it believe in it I'll accept it."

This eclectic attitude has seen the band storm through Jacques Brel's "Next" and "The Impossible Dream", and currently they do a show stopping version of "Delilah", but whatever directions the band expand in, Alex aims to keep it simple.

"That's what rock 'n' roll spells to me. Straightforward. For me rock 'n' roll was about rebellion ... when it happened. It always seemed strange to me to see the music growing into the Establishment and I don't ever want that to happen, I don't want anybody being able to predict what we're going to do next. It's the unexpected that gets me off. I really go for people like Zappa in that respect."

Onstage, Alex commands incredible power. At the end of "The Tale Of The Giant Stoneater" (about the time of "the great stone shortage") he can keep an entire theatre quiet for a minute before whispering the last line. But while he struts around, the captain of his rock 'n' roll unit, the guitarist is being a bit mutinous. Dressed in a flashy jump suit and his face in clown whiteface, Zal Cleminson is constantly upstaging his boss, ignoring orders and buffing his nails



(continued on page 56)

NUMBER 18, CARLISLE STREET, SOHO LONDON, W.1.

Home For Rock And Roll Heroes

by Roy Hollingworth

If you've ever scurried around the sidestreets and back alleys of old Central London, you come across these very strange crumbling buildings leaning on each others' shoulders like so many old soldiers.

In Soho, these old, old buildings are occupied by floosies, tarts, dandies and fops. Helga gave Swedish lessons for five English pounds; The Dolls House offers "Little Rude Riding Hood", a sweetly debauched version of the classic kiddies' tale; and in the paper shop window on Dean Street one can read small cards pasted to the window, which say: "Riding lessons - Special Course on the Use of the Whip - Lulu, 734-ZZZZ"; "Avante - Garde home movies for sale"; "Learn French the French Way - Za - Za, 767-0000". Know what I mean?

These old buildings, now sinking with the weight of decadence and disease told different tales during earlier centuries. On many of them can be seen plaques delicately inlaid into the wall - "Admiral Sir Cloudsley Shovell lived here 1731 - 1745"; "Karl Marx dined here"; "Birthplace of William Pitt The Younger" etc.

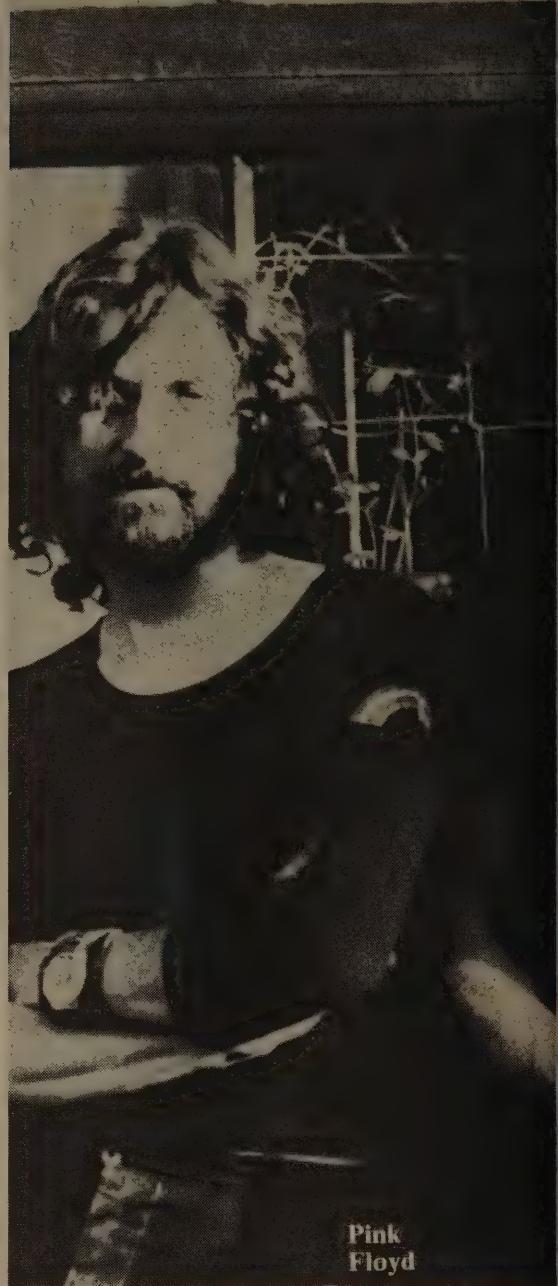
On the corner of Dean Street and Carlisle Street, stood 18, Carlisle Street. Number 18, Carlisle Street, Soho, London, was a funny old place.

Yes, one day, many years from now - or maybe not too many considering the pace of long distance runners and progression - demolition workers will stumble across 18 Carlisle Street, and as they are about to laser beam it to ashes, they will pause for one frail moment to study the dusty, pock-marked plaque on the wall. It will read "Barrie Wentzell and Roy Hollingworth lived here; approx 1960 - 1975. Also lodging house for Vivian Stanshall, Tony Kay, Peter Banks and Uncle Tom Cobley. Home for Rock and Roll Heroes".

"My grandfather used to talk of these people", one of the demolition workers will say. "He said they were completely mad. By all accounts they used to enjoy themselves." He will shake his head, adjust the bolt in his neck, and blow the place into oblivion. And a piece of history will find itself scattered into the wind in one trillion pieces. And that will be that.

But once it was. And it did stand on the corner of Dean and Carlisle, and rose into the London skyline like a medieval castle turret. That's what it was actually, a turret, designed by some gin-crazed 18th Century architect, who was actually a frustrated King Arthur. There was actually a round table up there - but I'll come to that later.

If, to the passer-by, things looked



Pink
Floyd

decidedly odd from the outside, then he could rest assured that things on the inside were decidedly odder.

I first moved into 18 Carlisle Street in 1971 - to stay primarily for one week while I looked for more permanent lodgings. As it turned out I was to stay for more than three years. Things happen like that.

The turret and building were divided into four storeys; the first being an absolutely fabulous Pizzaria (the only place I knew in the World where one could get a tuna-fish pizza with a fried egg on top). The second floor was the roost of Marquee Ent., a booking agency for rock and traditional jazz bands. The fourth floor was occupied by a film maker extraordinaire called Peter, and also his lady, who wore black crepe, and kept birds of prey in cages scattered around the living room. Twixt the second and fourth floors lived rock photographer Barrie Wentzell,



alias "The Marmalade Cat", and myself. We both worked for the World's largest selling music weekly. We both felt very large, but were modest about the fact, and only ordered Sedan Chairs on Good Fridays and Shrove Tuesday.

We had a colour television; a stereo-system; a gas fire; one round wooden table; two beds; a developing and printing laboratory; a lavatory; two guitars; an orange oven glove; one stove and a bath tub in the kitchen. We also had mice, and a comfortable supply of bacon, light ale, and Irish whiskey.

It was therefore rudely finished and furnished, and was for the most part painted white, except for mysterious stains here and there. "Holmes, I think it might be a splash from a 1968 Burgundy."

Yet despite its rudeness, the interior design (due to the turret) gave it the appearance of some 16th Century artist's home and studio in downtown Venice.

This resemblance was further enhanced by frequent flooding, due to the fact that Peter the strange film maker had a habit of leaving taps running into his bath tub when he embarked on his frequent vacations. Oh, I forgot to mention that the ventilation system from the Pizzaria wormed its way up the inside of the building, and vomited rancid tomato - and - mozerella - and - tuna - fish cheese and grease flavored air into our kitchen.

The odour of the Pizzaria ventilation system was such, that The Marmalade Cat and myself were forced to dab beer and Irish whiskey behind our ears, so as strangers would not mistake us for being Italian. Not that we had anything against Italians, except that they were smarmy gigalos who were three-feet high, and smell funny. But that's another story.

Now it was so planned that 18 Carlisle Street was in the immediate vicinity of two of London's finest recording studios;

a half-dozen record companies, and a brace of pubs where musicians hung out. Also, next door there lived two prostitutes, Sylvia and Mimi, and across the street was The Doll's House Burlesque Club. It was, so to speak, a funky little area.

You could breakfast at the local cafe, and while you were sliding around with a pool of chips, sausage and beans, one would be joined by a couple of record producers, a film director, one group, two pimps, a paper-seller and a heroin addict. They ask me why I write poems. They ask!

With The Marmalade Cat and myself working with, and knowing so many people in the rock business, an abundance of strange and romantic characters were forever stumbling in and out of 18 Carlisle Street on their way to recording studios; or to be photographed; or to drink with us between sessions, or to

Bonzo
Dog
Band





We were never without company. Now that can be good, and bad, and at times it can be darned diabolical. Looking back on it though, it was beautifully bizarre.

Our most frequent visitor was one Vivian Stanshall, formerly the leader of The Bonzo Dog Doo-Dah Band, a collection of beautiful fools and genius who were ten years ahead of their time, and were therefore forced to struggle and suffer severe pain at the hands of record companies - who can indeed make artists suffer.

Well, Vivian was continually at work on his solo album, and also making cameo appearances on several television and radio shows, where his wit and brilliance continued to be astonishing - despite a treacherous drinking habit which combined heart relaxing pills and brandy. He was fearless.

Vivian had an enormously long ginger beard, and took it upon himself to wear exceedingly colourful Kaftans, a little woolen hat, and bells on his ankles.

It was the bells I heard first, tinkling up our stairs at about 4.30 a.m. one morning. I was in a half-coma, due to cider and brandy, but could definitely define Vivian's jingling, burping and rattling up the stairs. He was also whistling something loud and incoherent.

Then came this enormous thumping on the door, and cry of "Open up you bloody rascals" I bolted out of bed, fast as a cat, and opening the door witnessed this bedraggled figure of Vivian, complete with a case of beer and a policeman. "Want to throw a party old boy? Where's Wentzell?"

The policeman, who was young, and not yet dark blue, stammered. "Er, does he belong to you. I found him on the street outside".

"Yes, he's one of ours", I replied, "he must have been on one of his secret trips to Dunkirk. Old salt and all that."

"Oh, I see," said the policeman. "Well, look after him. Evening all."

"Bloody fascist piglet" spat Viv, "ought to have his balls peppered and eaten. Now where's Wentzell?"

"Well he's asleep Viv. It's 4.30 in the morning."

"Asleep! What the Hell! And what's all this rubbish about it being four bloody thirty. Last time I looked at my watch it said 11.15, and I thought you chaps might be up for a few pre-midnight beers. Now let me in."

By this time The Marmalade Cat had begun to stir from his pit, and was somewhat shocked and dazed by the sight of Vivian entering his bedroom, throwing bottles onto the bed and demanding an opener, and music. Needless to say, we couldn't refuse, and boozed until breakfast. And dear Vivian fell into a coma on the carpet.

Then there was the night I arrived home to find Noel Murphy, an Irish folk singer fast asleep in my bed with some floosie. Noel was in a Guinness coma, and I knew it would take a bloody fork-lift truck to move him. I heaved off his boots, patted his floosie on her soft white bum, and curled up to sleep on my carpet.

The weekly screening of "Monty Python's Flying Circus" would draw up to three or four musicians - Tony Kay (who was with Yes during that period), Peter Banks, of Flash, Tony Ashton, and a gaggle of Liverpudlian poets (McCartney's brother, Roger McGough to name one) and a gaggle of various Bonzo Dogs. There we were, sat on the straw carpet around the tele scoffing bacon sandwiches with marmalade dressing; laughing like fools and sucking strong Devon cider from large brown bottles.

Evenings came and went in the strange turret. Madmen were forever appearing with half-written lyrics; drugs aplenty and tales of the road that were enough to make your short and curlies stand on end. I began to lose my sanity.

In an effort to restore it I took up the hobby of building little model aeroplanes from kiddie's model kits. Quite soon I had a handsome collection of Sopwith Camels, Fokke-Wolf fighters and the odd S.E.5. I had a whole squadron of British Sopwiths and a whole squadron of German Fokkes. I lined them up in formation on top of the fireplace, and gloated with pride.

After finishing my splendid battle formation, Wentzell informed me that I was "Nuts". I informed him that it had been extremely therapeutic, and that I was now going out to interview Leonard Cohen.

Leonard was very nice, and we talked about everything very lovely being spoiled by everything very nasty. Whistling an old hymn, I strutted through the Soho Streets, heading for home (in need of tea, bacon and television).

Arriving outside out door, I could hear a mess of noise from the inside. The sounds of mouth-made machine guns and explosions, moans and blood-curdling yells, and the splintering sound of shattered plastic.

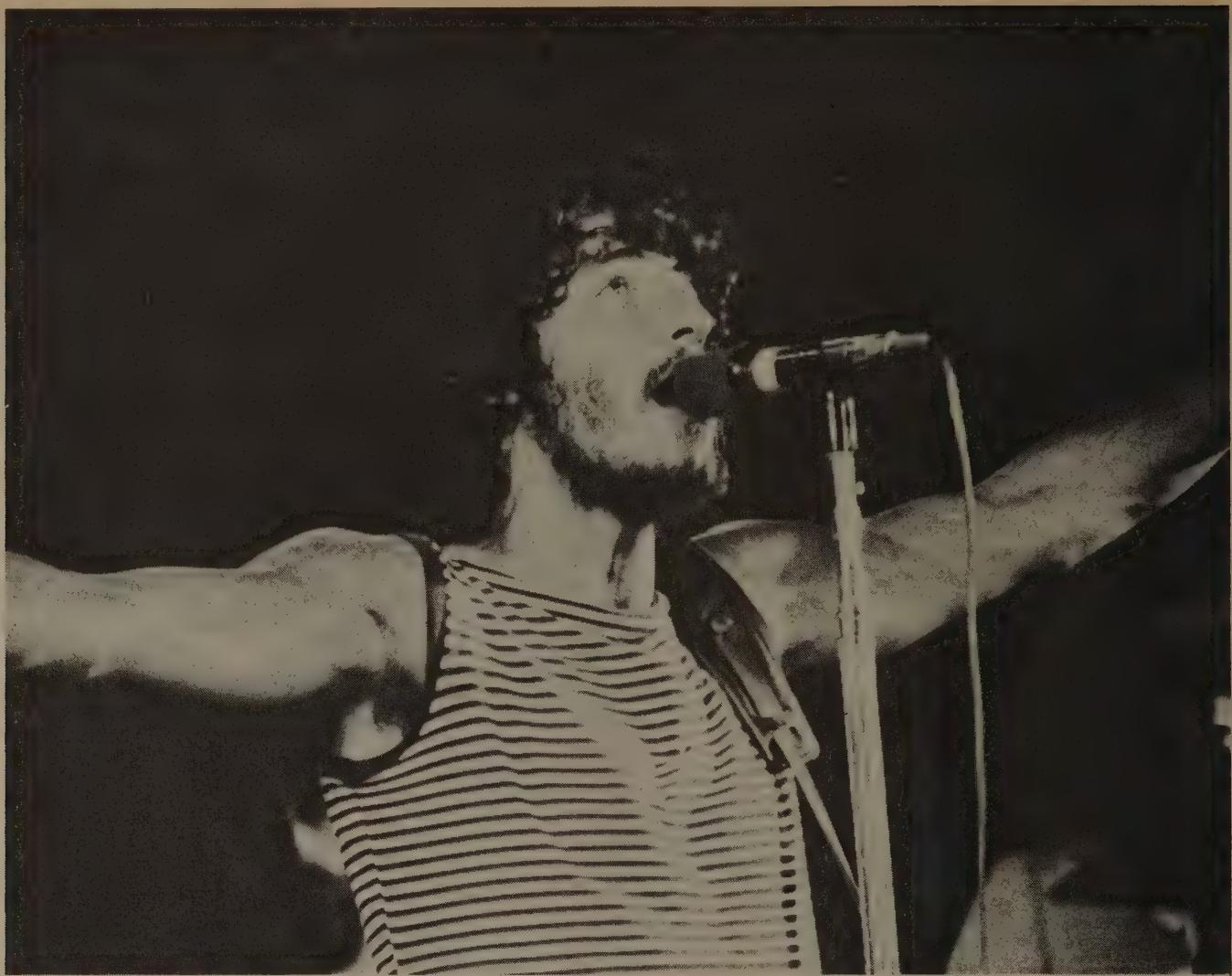
I stormed through the door, ran into the living room, and there playing "Snoopy versus The Red Baron" was Vivian, Barrie, assorted members of the Welsh group, Man, and others. My little planes lay shot into pieces on the floor; there wings ripped off; props twisted and deformed; pilots trod into the carpet. A tear fell from my cheek.

"Don't worry old boy, the British won. Now let's celebrate down at yon public house."

Moral: Don't build plastic aeroplanes in a brick turret.

There were the languid times of course. When on sunny Saturday afternoons, I would sit in the open window of the turret with "Dark Side of the Moon" filling my ears, watching the massive 747s glide into Heathrow Airport, and below would be the strippers dashing from club to club; and the fruit sellers with their barrows, and Soho moving along like some Dickensian street scene.

And then there would be a yell from the street below. I would look down. A musician with his guitar case. "Any beer in the place Roy? Can I come up?". Of course, but leave my plastic battleships alone. They are my joy. My life. □
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Steve Morley

BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN

'I want to feel what it's like to do everything'

by Joseph Rose

"It's never easy," says Bruce Springsteen. "It may look easy, but it ain't; it's never easy." He realizes he's repeating himself and stops. It's something Bruce does a lot, and it seems to give him time to think. Onstage, during one of his long raps to introduce a certain song, he'll suddenly shift into idle, repeating a phrase three, four times, and then all of a sudden, he's zooming off again into some new hairpin turn that he thought of while saying those words over and over.

Bruce is talking right now about performing, and he's decided, sort of, what he means about it not being easy. "It can

be a lot of fun, which it is most of the time, because if it wasn't, I would probably do something else, I guess. And it can be ... it can be lots of things. Sometimes it's fun. Sometimes it ain't fun but it's still good. But it's just never easy, really. And I don't think it should be. I really don't know how I could explain it more than that."

Doesn't sound much like a man who's been elected by many music writers as the new messiah of rock and roll, the guy who's gonna take over from the fallen god, Dylan. But the Bruce Springsteen giving the interview in a messy Holiday Inn hotel room in Manhattan this Sun-

day afternoon is not quite all there. He just woke up a short while ago (which is why the maids never get to straighten up) and munches on breakfast in between questions. Though he let it all hang out — his whole life, his most intimate feelings — last night onstage, he's now withdrawn into his privacy like a turtle, and the interviewer is made to feel like a bully shoving a burning stick under the shell.

This is not a conscious effort on Bruce's part, or is it? You never can tell with a guy who's got the intelligence and literacy to write the lyrics he does and also the savvy he displays in stirring up an audience. There are some who claim that the Bruce Springsteen persona is all sham and fabrication, as much a false front as Bobby Zimmerman invented to cover up a background as a Minnesota druggist's son or as Woodrow Wilson Guthrie created to hide his New Jersey middle class intellectual origins. If this is true, it's no disgrace. But this writer, who's sometimes proven very fallible as a judge of human character, prefers to accept Springsteen pretty much at face value.

Bruce never pretends to be stupid; he just de-emphasizes the side of his character that writes the profound lines in his songs. What he doesn't try to cover up is his love of music, and his enthusiasm onstage for what he and his E Street Band are playing, whether it's his own songs or

some oldies like Ike and Tina Turner's "It's Gonna Work Out Fine" or the Searchers' "When You Walk in the Room."

The oldies aren't played for their nostalgia value. They are all songs that Bruce loves and thinks are as exciting and valid today as they ever were. It's in no way a Bette Midler trip (though Bette is one of his biggest fans) of taking fine old songs and ridiculing them by hamming and exaggeration. When it comes to music, Bruce won't compromise his integrity.

Maybe that's why he has come on so slowly even though he has so many powerful people in his corner. After his first album, "Greetings from Asbury Park, N.J." came out a few years ago, with its lyrics printed all over the back cover and inside, there were stories aplenty about how he was signed up by the same fellow who signed up Dylan, about how great a musical poet he was and much more along those lines. The trouble was, neither the album or Bruce in person could live up to the hype.

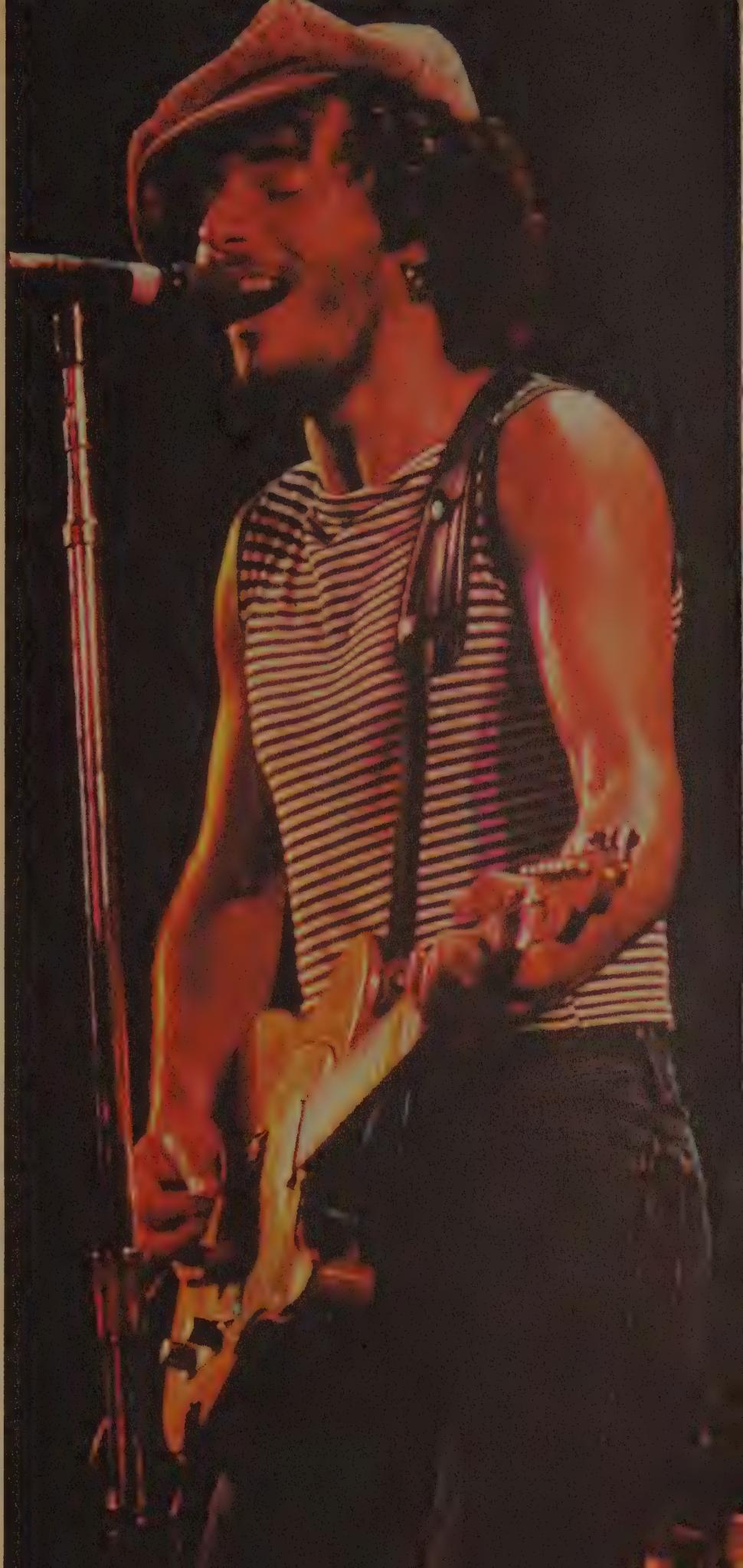
The album wasn't terrible, but printing the lyrics on the cover drew too much attention and examination to them, and they just weren't literary masterpieces. If anybody listened to the album without reading the words — and few did — they did come off as pretty good song lyrics. The songs on his second album, "The Wild, the Wicked & the E Street Shuffle," were much better, and this time the words weren't printed. His recently released third album, "Born to Run," has printed lyrics again, but this time they definitely stand up to scrutiny.

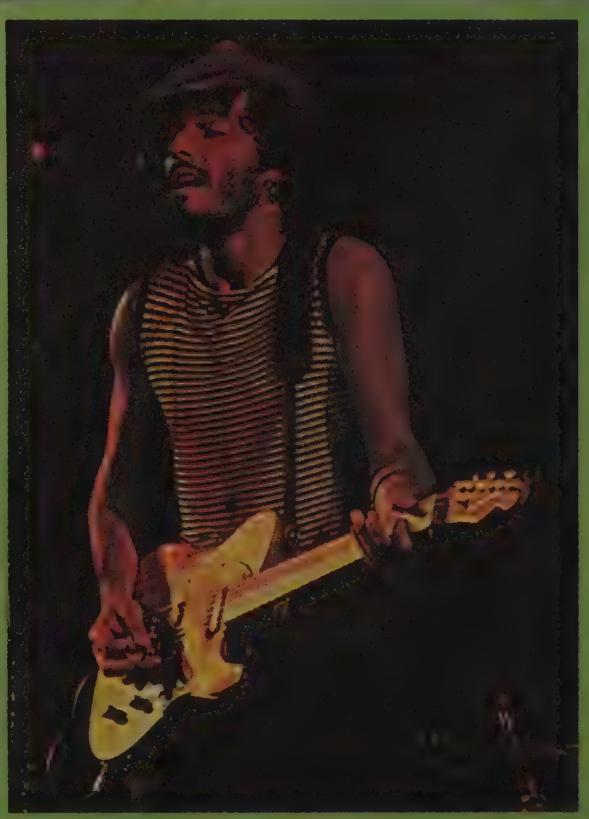
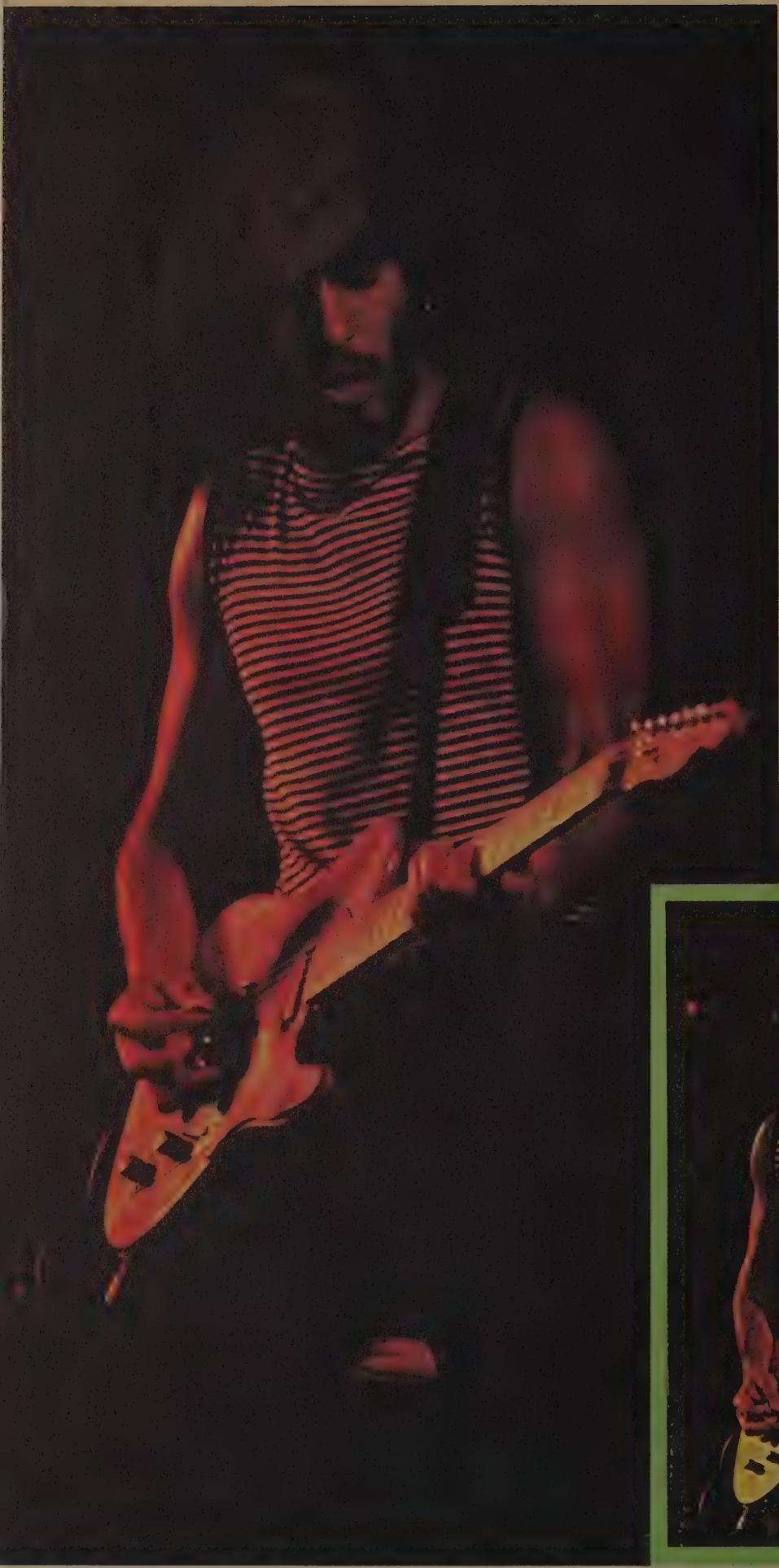
Both the second and third albums are outstanding, but neither of them can hold a candle to what happens when Bruce and his E Street Band take the stage on a good night. Bruce switches back and forth between being a Mick Jagger-style lead singer, dancing, posturing dramatically, jumping, whirling, staggering, falling and all the rest — and being a slightly more restrained guitarist-singer.

A few years ago, it was a different story. Bruce would take the stage in dark glasses and a hat that kept his face from ever being illuminated by the stage lights. He'd stand there and just sort of present his songs, with an attitude that seemed to say, 'Take them or leave them, but I'm not going to compromise myself by giving you people any help.' Needless to say, the reception was often frosty.

"There was a big misconception about the band at the time," Bruce recalls with a smile. "First of all, there was no band that anybody knew about. Everybody thought that I was playing by myself. And at the time we were doing like 'Wild Billy's Circus Story' and stuff with the tubas and accordion. You know, some strange things, not quite as mainstream rock and roll as we do now. I had my band, but I was still basically coming out of this little songwriter period that I'd gone through."

It used to be that the emphasis was as much on Springsteen the lead guitarist as Springsteen the singer, but now his set begins with four or five songs where he







holds nothing more than his microphone and occasionally his punk hat.

"I got Steve (Van Zandt), the guitar player. I just added him so I could do that. It gets in another aspect of it that I want to get involved in, I think, frontin' and stuff. All the great singers, most of them are all front men, you know."

Singers who are guitarists always seem to have some kind of inner conflict between expressing themselves on the instrument and being somewhat tied down and being a mobile vocalist, free of restraint but unable to play guitar. Is this something that Bruce was starting to feel?

"Naw," he says, "it's not a question of being torn between something. Because, really, when I play the guitar, it ain't like there's a lot of solos and stuff going on all the time. It's like, the only guy that really solos is Clarence Clemons, the sax, and on 'Kitty's Back,' they all play a little bit. But most of the time we're playing as a band playing songs, with relatively few solos. We play songs with arrangements, very, very pliant, very flexible arrangements, but arrangements."

We asked Bruce about his "little songwriter period."

"Well, let me see, I'm 25, I've been playing 11 years, and I played by myself for about eight months — on the guitar. So that was like a relatively small amount of time. I just couldn't afford a band. I wasn't pulling. And things got really rough getting gigs. And I'd met this guy in the city — Mike, my manager, and I started to write these songs, just started to do it one day. I was in a bar band then. I was writing songs even in the bars, but it was like different type of material, bar material. So I went through this little thing, and now I write bar material again." He gives out a hearty laugh before continuing. "'Rosalita' is a group bar song. 'Kitty's Back' is a bar song. They're all bar songs, at least a lot of them. Most of the rockers.

Was there something in particular that started him into lead singing without guitar? "I'm into every aspect of it. I'm into every approach. I like to approach the music from as many sides as I can. I want to feel what it's like to do

everything. I know I can do it, so I want to do it."

It was Sam and Dave, the old soul duo, that provided the final push, Bruce recalls. "I saw them a few months ago, and they're just beautiful to watch, just incredible. They've been around all them years — years and years — right? And they come out, and they're so hooked up together and just two of the most graceful cats you've ever seen onstage. They're just the best singers I've seen in years.

"I went down and saw them in some dumpy bar down in South Jersey with a band that would blow off 98 per cent of any rock bands performing at any stadium in the country. And it's like there they are. And they're still just great, fantastic. Me and Steve went down there real early, and we stayed there all night till dawn watching them cats. They were the greatest, real dynamite.

"It's from guys like that and just any front men. It's just great to front. Like in the early '60s there were some great front

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THE HIT PARADER INTERVIEW

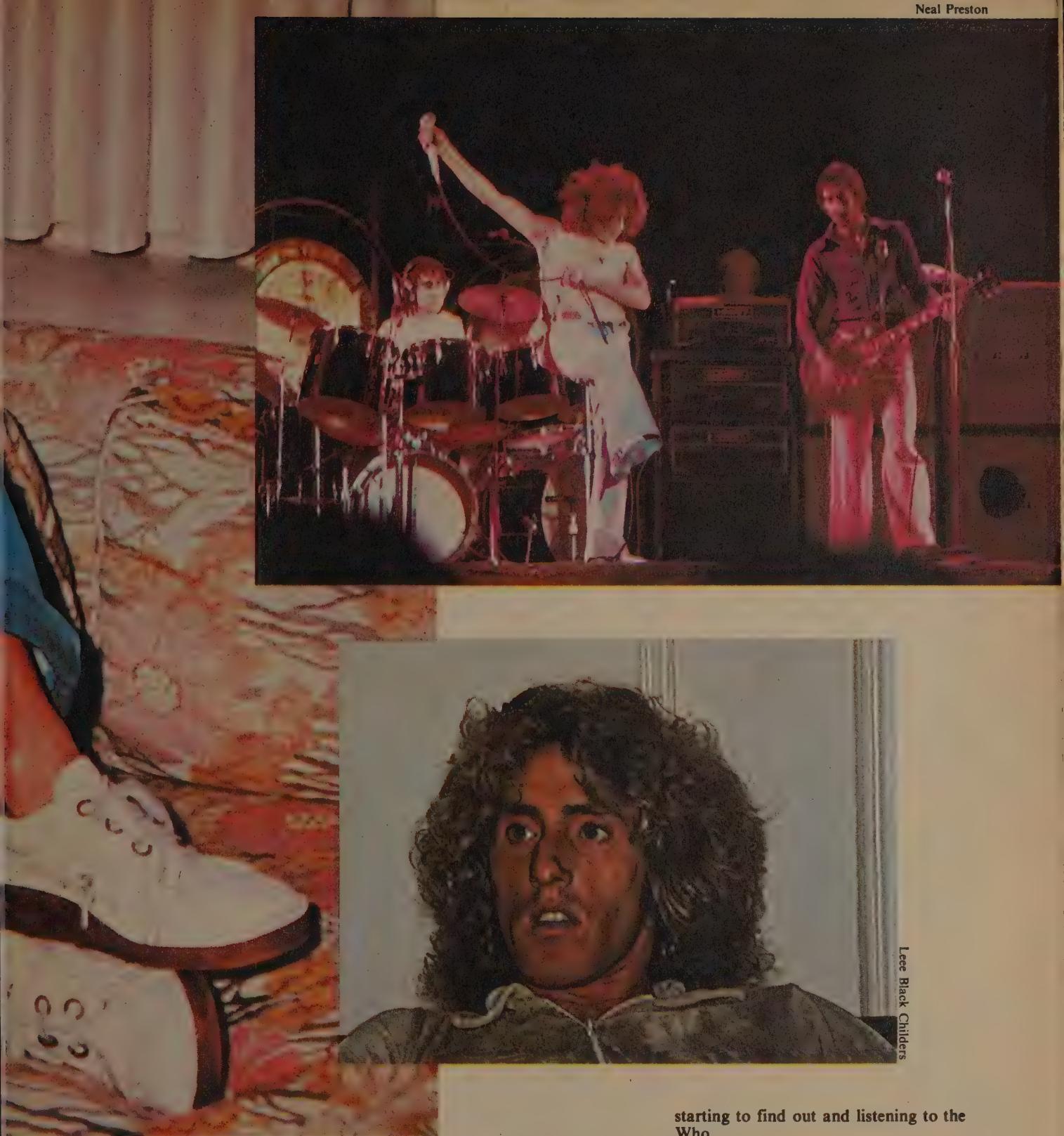
by Joseph Rose

ROGER DALTRY

Roger Daltrey was in a good mood, even though for any normal rock and roll star it was the middle of the night. The actual hour was 10 in the morning, and we were beginning the interview in his limousine, which was taking him from an early-morning television show back to his hotel. It was all part of a three-part promotion tour of America for Roger.

The reason he was doing interviews and appearances from morning to night was ostensibly to promote his new solo album, "Ride a Rock Horse," but of

course, he was the star of "Tommy," and the movie company had a hand in the tour, too. As for Roger personally, the thing he pushes constantly, seemingly even in his sleep, is the Who. Movies and solo albums are fine, but mention the Who or its component parts — Roger, Pete Townshend, John Entwistle, Keith Moon — and his eyes protrude more than ever while his voice bubbles with excitement. After we shook hands and he inquired about writer Barbara Charone, a mutual friend and occasional HIT PARADER



Lee Black Childers

contributor, we begin by discussing the host of the television show, who had apparently done a bit of research before the interview.

HIT PARADER: That guy was much better prepared than I thought he would be.

ROGER DALTREY: When he hit me with the high Numbers (an early version of the Who), I thought, "Jesus!" (He laughs heartily.) See, it's great, innit. It's fucking great.

HP: Do you still come up against inter-

viewers who don't know anything besides the movie?

RD: No, no, that's the kind of thing I found. This is what I'm saying. It's great that "Tommy" is making people aware of the Who, because we've done a lot more things than "Tommy." This will turn people on to a decent class of rock and roll.

HP: So you're finding that people do know more than just the film?

RD: Oh yeah. Most of the kids do. The little kids just buying the soundtrack are

starting to find out and listening to the Who.

HP: After this promotion tour, what's going to happen?

RD: We've got a month off, then we're rehearsing, then we're back on the road. Just as a rock and roll band. (He laughs again, even more heartily.) As a plain, simple, ordinary rock and roll band.

HP: The tour will probably be a bit different from the last one because of the success of the movie.

RD: Well, I don't know. No, I think our audience will always be there. I think the Who's got the best audience in rock.

I've always said it, and I really believe it. I don't see any problems there. I think for us it will be different because we're doing because we really want to get on the road, whereas before I kind of felt like a salesman for "Quadrophenia," you know. (He laughs.)

HP: But you're going to have all these new fans who've seen the movie, probably much younger, who may see you as some kind of prophet figure or something.

RD: I don't think so. I mean, they won't as soon as "Lisztomania" comes out. And it will be out by then. Once they see me with an eight-foot prick, it'll be all over. (At this point Roger goes into a laughing jag that lasts almost a minute. Finally he collects himself and tries to be serious.) No, you've got to remember Who fans, they get the tickets, they really do. I can't see that problem. Maybe I'm wrong. I don't think the movie fans are going to be prepared like Who fans are to queue up for tickets like they do, you know. That's what I'm saying. That's why I think that our fans are so good, the real Who fans. Let's hope they get in.

HP: Was the "Tommy" movie out before the Who's last British tour?

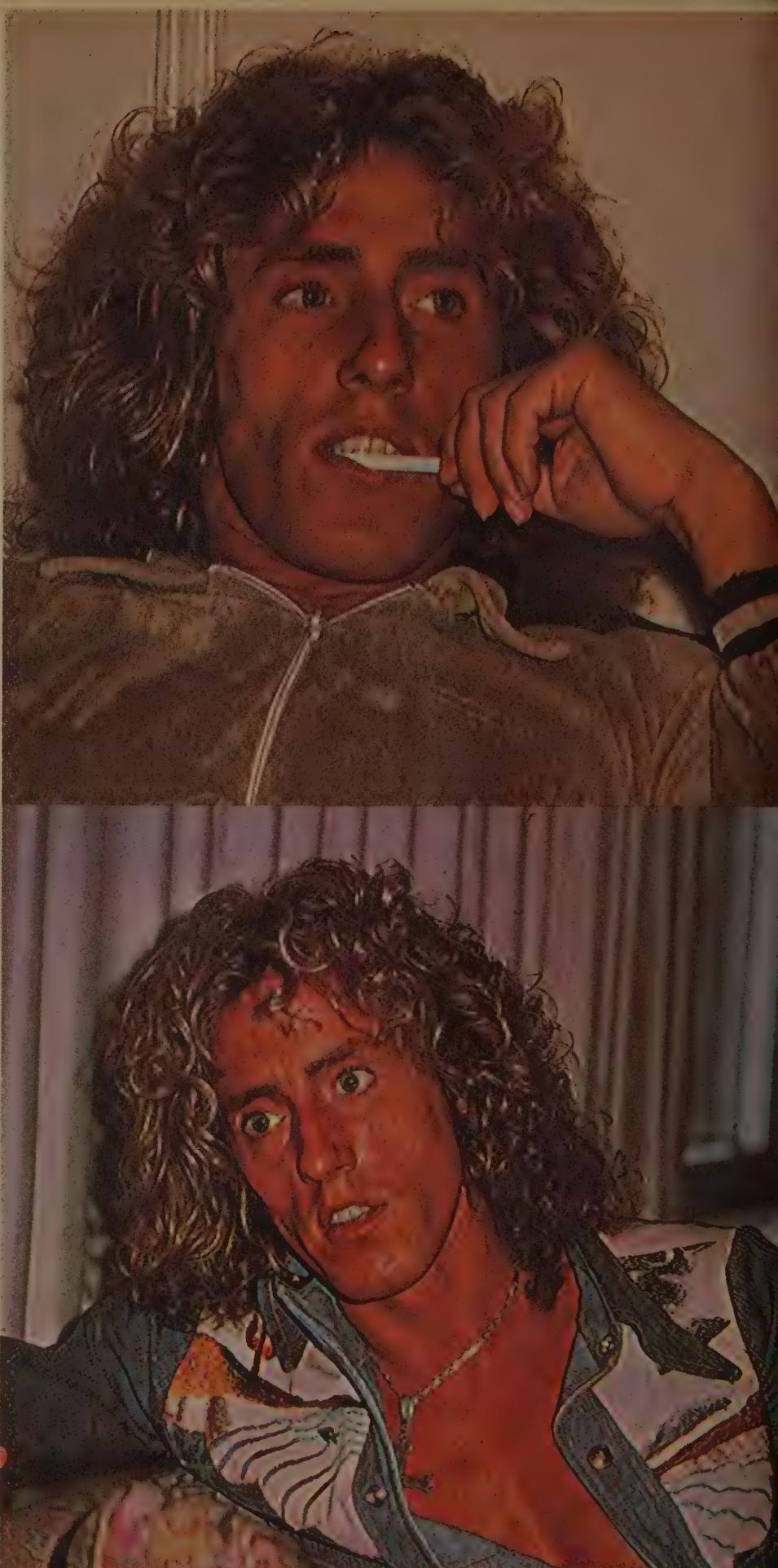
RD: No, but we did notice we were picking up an element of younger audiences. But we still kept the old audience. In a way, it kind of made it more exciting anyway, you know. Because, I mean, a lot of the criticism that we got on our last tour is that the Who's over the hump. Well, I think we put out as much energy as ever on our last tour — in fact more, I think. I mean, I was better as a singer than I've ever been. By doing things like the movies and doing solo albums it really has helped my confidence. I think I've become a better singer. I don't mean to sound blasé, but I think I have. I think it shows on the records. I think it showed with the Who onstage last summer. I don't think we're over the hump. I just think that the people who have known us for all these years may be just getting bored of us, you know. These people complain because we aren't more exciting. Do they want me to act like Mick Jagger? What do they want? Obviously all I can be is me. I think there's getting to be too much pomposity in rock as a whole, and especially attached to the Who, which is a shame.

HP: Maybe it's because you've been around so long.

RD: What makes it worse is it's hard enough to stay around that long. You don't need any of that kind of shit.

HP: The "Tommy" movie definitely shook some of that off, though.

RD: Yeah, I think so. As long as we don't give in to it too much. I mean, we'll be playing the same amount from "Tommy" as we ever did, which is the obvious classic. "Pinball Wizard," and "See Me, Feel Me." That'll be it. But there's all that other good music that new people haven't heard. I mean, you tell people about "Won't Get Fooled Again," and they don't know what you're talking about. And what a number that is!



(continued on page 64)







BOWIE

Hooked On The Silver Screen

"David looked so much like James Dean while he was shooting that film," Angela Bowie recalled. "He was driving a jeep, wearing a cowboy hat, and had several dogs in the ranch-style house he stayed in ... really, he seemed so much like Jimmy Dean in 'Giant'..."





Bowie portrays an enigmatic visitor to America, Thomas Jerome Newton, who builds one of the largest business corporations in the world. His reclusive, Howard Hughes-like behaviour attracts the attention of the most powerful elements in society, who try to penetrate his empire.

I remember the first time I ever saw David perform; it was on television. "Old Grey Whistle Test" in London showed him with the band that would eventually come to be called the Spiders from Mars, and the cameras did great closeups on his face, singing "Queen Bitch" and "Five Years". David made some crazy facial expressions, and we remember even then thinking how he should never bother with the concert stage, but should go straight into TV, films ... acting. Visually he held you in closeup in a way that he never could as a lone figure on a large concert stage.



DAVID BOWIE who plays Thomas Jerome Newton and CANDY CLARK who plays Mary-Lou, during filming of THE MAN WHO FELL TO EARTH on location in New Mexico.

Of course it was always obvious that Bowie wanted to be a movie star. If his lyrics didn't tell you, his approach to rock and roll did. It was always a conscious visual effort, at all times aware of The Image. David's stage show was initially geared to the theatrical; and while he had good sound, occasionally great songs, and competent musicianship, it was what it *looked* like that everyone talked about. The fact that he was in a rock age that encouraged glitter, dramatics, shock value (brief as the period was), only enhanced his impact. He didn't create anything new, really, nor did he bring anything so

outrageous to the rock and roll stage if you think about it. The flagrant flaunting of bisexuality was at best, a good gimmick. But David's talent, and this includes all those early days when he was singing very much like Anthony Newley and looking like Greta Garbo, was always self consciously aimed toward the silver screen.

When Bowie hooked up with the Warhol crowd in 1971 (that entourage there to perform the Tony Ingrassia directed "Pork") his New York Velvet Underground artistic fantasies had their first outlet for expression. Swiftly cutting his hair, dressing outrageously, directing himself towards the rock and roll mainstream while establishing his underground credentials by citing Lou Reed and Iggy Stooge, David was the best of both worlds. His musical talent couldn't be denied, and he was a media sensation. The Career was thus established.

The Career was, in many ways, a joke. A manager who had blatant Colonel Tom Parker fantasies, and really believed he could manipulate the media and the business in a style more suited to the old Louis B. Mayer Hollywood days than rock and roll. Approval of photographs, refusals of interviews, a publicity machine that continued to grind out the image, David was in seclusion, David was highly sensitive, other people spoke for David. David and his wife had an "unconventional" relationship; (surely not so unconventional, probably just more honest than most) they quickly became the bisexual Mick and Bianca, outlandishly dressed media puppets. The fact



Newton (DAVID BOWIE) is resting in a small southern town after his arrival in America.
Photographer - David James.



Here we see (DAVID BOWIE) just after his arrival in America, about to embark on his remarkable journey to fortune.

that when David *did* have anything to say it tended to be somewhat ponderous, politically naive and usually two years behind whatever his influence had been, didn't matter. David wasn't dumb, it all worked. Nearly everyone else in the world was two years behind the times at least, anyway, so what matter. It worked for some, not all. For those who still wanted to believe in that Hollywood dream, the mystique of the secluded and protected star with the sycophantic entourage ... Main Man left a lot of casualties in its wake.

But not Dave. Just when people were starting to write him off ... when John Lennon went into the studio to record with him and to wonder if perhaps David wasn't burned out (in light of the success of "Fame" - their joint songwriting effort, *that* is now amusing ...) Bowie managed to get himself another hit lp, a movie, (after a few false announcements) proving that there is talent there, perhaps he is more indestructible than one might think.

"The Man Who Fell To Earth" is David's first film. Obviously his fans will expect something major, and the movie already sounds, if nothing else, provocative. First it had been announced over two years ago that David would star in "Stranger in a Strange Land", the popular science fiction novel written by Robert Heinlein. Supposedly Bowie manager Tony de Fries had acquired the right to the book, that they were looking around for a director ... someone who might do the movie in the black and white style of "Village of the Damned", and "Children of the Damned", two of David's favorite films. Then, in typical Bowie/Defries fashion of the time, it fell apart. Never happened. Oh well, it made



DAVID BOWIE lined up in front of the camera while on location in Los Lunas, a small town in New Mexico.

front page headlines, and possibly created more film interest in David Bowie. For a year or so, it was rumoured that Bowie was "considering" scripts. This is a term that, in the entertainment industry, usually means looking for work. But Nicholas Roeg obviously came along with the right script sometime last spring, and Bowie eventually set off for New Mexico with a cast that included Buck Henry, Rip Torn, and Candy Clark.

Those in the music world knew of David's problems at the time; rumours of drug indulgences persisted. Bowie was painfully thin, weird ... his behavior was bizarre and erratic. People wondered how on earth could the man be in a film. The reports from New Mexico, however, were encouraging. Bowie was in good shape, a thorough professional, easy to work with ... and, on time. However none of that was surprising to those who have followed David's career. While he was touring, he worked hard — always. Certainly as hard as any other rock musician on the road, and perhaps he had even a more grueling time of it, as David didn't fly, and had to make long drives from gig to gig. In many instances there would be two shows a night, with tours that went on for over three month periods and incorporating over fifty dates. Since the focus was on David in the first place, the front man, he never was able to relax much onstage. Despite criticisms of his slickly contrived stage show, his occasionally embarrassing theatrics, and of course all the politics involved ... no one could deny that the man worked hard.

Bowie's been ambitious, he's driven himself at times, but it has paid off for him. Now it remains to be seen what happens to That Face when it hits the



Here Newton (DAVID BOWIE) reflecting on his unsettled future, as he begins his journey to fortune, with Mary-Lou (CANDY CLARK), the woman who falls in love with him.

screen. "The Man Who Fell to Earth" is a film about an alien who exists on earth and amasses a multimillion dollar business fortune. He gets involved with the space program, and tries to build a giant rocket that will transport water to his planet ... However, this is not described as a science fiction film, but rather, a love story.

David is in the film nearly all the time - would you expect anything else? - and his intimates imply that he *did* like doing this better than performing on the concert stage. When Angie visited him for eight days in July, she was impressed with the way he was living; in a ranch-style house with swimming pool and only his secretary, one friend, and a few dogs for companionship. He did write some songs, but the filming demanded his presence on the set from 7 A.M. until 9 P.M. daily; at presstime he had yet to complete the soundtrack.

David relaxed for awhile when the film was done, hanging around in L.A., occasionally partying; (one night at Peter Seller's had him jamming on alto sax with Bill Wyman, Keith Moon, Ron Wood, Joe Cocker, and Bobby Keys), and preparing to come to New York City to record his next solo lp for RCA as well as the soundtrack. After viewing the rough edit of the film in October, David decided what kind of music he would write for the movie, and although there would be vocals (sung by who else) on the soundtrack lp, it was not expected that there would be any major singing in the finished movie.

David Bowie — soon to be seen on the screen in "The Man Who Fell to Earth". The film will probably be released in January or February of this year ... can you wait???





URIAH HEEP

THE ADVENTURES OF MICK BOX AND THE LAST GUITAR SOLO

by Richard Robinson



Over the years (yawn) I have interviewed many rock and rollers (snap open another Tab, ash cigarette) and, in fact, still continue to do so, although I keep it quiet (pause, stare at typewriter). Since many of my interviews are of a momentary nature, reportage on the present comings of tomorrow's whatever - happening - to, I find myself confronted with an endless series of opening paragraphs. The traditional pop Fleet Street method is: "I'm switching to electric ukulele," said Mick Box as he slid deeper into the cushions of the green velvet sofa in his plush hotel suite. Mick flicked the ash on his cigarette, took a drag, and said—

Actually Mick Box did none of the above. In fact I had a lovely chat with him on the phone and for all I know he spoke to me standing on one foot. To get back to my observations on pop journalism, and since we're into the second paragraph, I admit that what follows is nothing more than a progress report on Mick's band Uriah Heep. Which is what prompted all this because I was just thinking back to the first time I saw them perform. It was at Ungano's, a now defunct New York club that looked like it was located in a basement although it was on street level. The Heeps were okay at the time, nothing special, and I remember wondering why, at the tail end of the 60's, they should have much hope of making it.

"We're just happy that it happened now," says Mick Box when I tell him about it. "I mean all you do is you start off with something that's just a hobby. And it grows and becomes something more than a hobby. It becomes a way of life and then all the rest of it and so you just have to

take it. I mean we're just lucky it came along anyway. There's lots of talented musicians lying around that just haven't had the right breaks."

"It's getting tougher," I add.

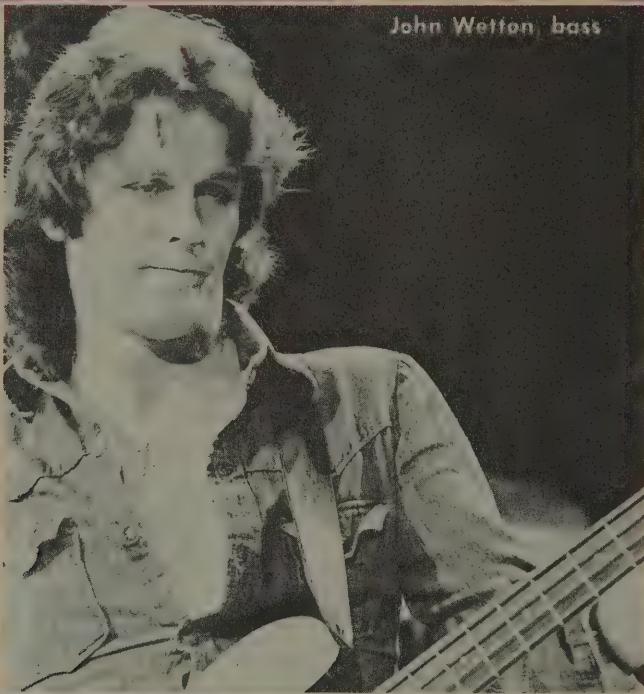
"It's getting tougher because the economic situation is tough. In the Sixties there were a few crazy people around who were willing to put a lot of money up and take a gamble on a group. Whereas now everybody's very cagey about that. So it's very hard for the young, fresh new bands to come through."

Mick is easy to talk to. He listens to what you're saying and answers in the relaxed manner that turns an interview into a chat and makes life easier all around. Our times are tough. Conversation continues as we touch London ("We just keep traveling around the world doing good business, but for smaller bands coming through it's getting a little bit harder.") and possible solutions ("At the moment you have to just carry on as best you can really.").

Uriah Heep have become a big band in the last couple of years, not only here in America, but throughout the world. Mick says the band is conscious of this worldwide market — they keep two sets of equipment, one here for the U.S., Japan, and Australia, the other in London for Britain and Europe — but that it takes hit records to make being a worldwide success possible: "Basically, you go to another country if you've had some sort of report from an album or single. I mean it'd be silly to go over to play to thirty people and start that way. We're one of those bands that has been really lucky. Before we went to Australia we had eleven gold albums waiting there. We



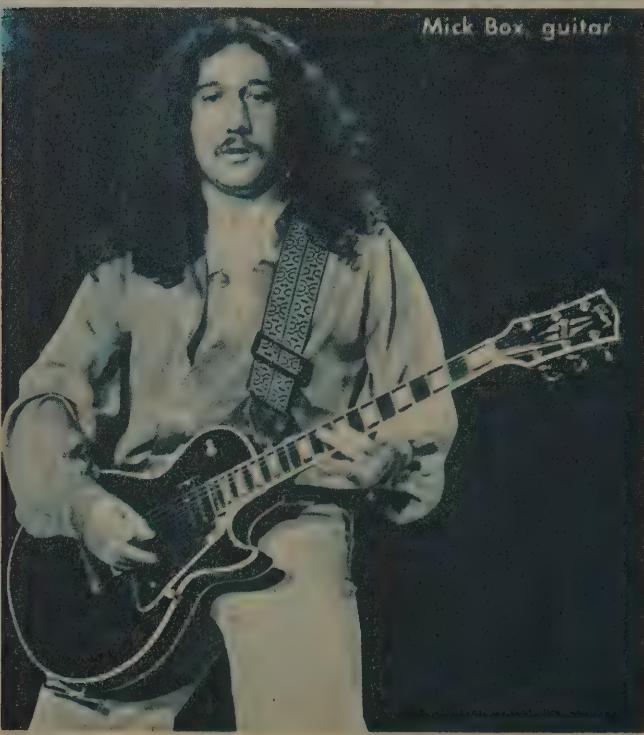
David Byron, vocals



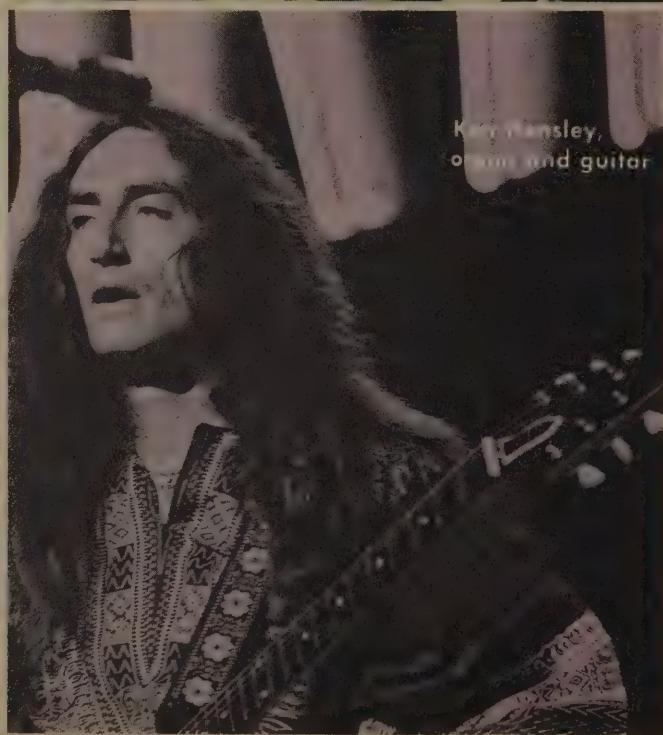
John Wetton, bass



Lee Kerslake, drums



Mick Box, guitar



Kris McVisley,
organ and guitar

went to Japan we had three gold albums waiting for us. After that we continue it as a yearly thing. You know we're a road band. We want to travel everywhere and just play our music to everybody cause the greatest high we get out of anything is being onstage and playing for people."

We start to discuss Uriah Heep. I ask Mick if he's pleased with the addition of John Wetton to the band after Gary Thain's departure. "It's been a total new lease on life," Mick says. "With the injection of new blood and everything it's just given us a whole new burst of energy you know. In fact the kick up the ass we need, to be honest."

Mick sounds so convinced of the

change they've gone through I wonder if they would have thrown in the towel if the change hadn't happened. "No, it wasn't that bad," he says, "but obviously it was bad at the time. Not serious enough for the whole thing to fall through, it was just like a dramatic experience. We had to make a move by changing Gary and it's something you always put off for as long as possible. Various frustrations come through, that was the drag, because you don't just form a relationship with someone for three years and just chop it off there and then. Obviously it drags on a little bit and the frustrations come through and all the rest."

The frustration hasn't been allowed to peek through on Heeps new lp. In fact, *Return To Fantasy* looks like Heep will have more gold records to pick up on their travels around the Empire. "We didn't pre-plan it, we just went into the rehearsal studios with John and with all the new blood and everything else that was flying around and the million ideas it just came out that way. I guess we didn't want to spend half of the side doing solos and all that stuff, you know we just want to get some good songs out. I think the days are over for um ... well it is for us, just dribbling on and on with solos and things, you know, that end up quiet and meaningless when all it does is satisfy your own ego."

Goodness! Are we about to hear the last guitar solo from Mr. Box, who is, after all, in the great tradition of the British lead guitarist. Mick says that the Heep are after songs now and that the stage show has changed to concentrate on the music and the songs. "We're doing four cuts off the *Return To Fantasy* album and then sort of a collage of everything we've recorded before. Almost one off of every album because we still get people shouting out for *Gypsy* and *July Morning* and things like that. We still love playing them, cause they're different every night as well as ... cause we allow that freedom ... you know?"

Heeps current tour to support their new album took them to forty-five cities. It was in Louisville, Kentucky, on the second of August that the tour almost

ended prematurely. On that night at the Louisville Convention Center Mick fell from the stage and fractured his right wrist in three places. He completed the entire performance, including the encore, and was then rushed by ambulance to a nearby hospital for treatment. Mick was released with his right arm, from wrist to elbow, in a cast. The doctors advised him to rest, but he continued to perform, starting the following night for a sell-out crowd at Cobo Hall in Detroit.

"I never for a minute thought I couldn't continue playing," Mick says. "But I did have my doubts when I got out of the hospital and we went to Detroit. The doctors gave me a couple of pain killing shots and all that stuff to play and I had to use a whole new technique with my right hand — apart from the pain that was there, I had to adjust to everything else as well, because I can't hold a pick at all. You see that's all the wrist movement you use when playing which I've broken, so I have to use fingers. So it was finding out what fingers could do what at what time. I've picked up a whole new technique. You get a different sound when you're picking with your fingers than with a plectrum."

Mick's wrist was doing fine by the time I talked to him. In fact he was doing fine all around as the Heeps had appeared in Central Park in New York City and were now off on a three week vacation. "Lee (Kerslake) and myself we're going to Jamaica. John (Wetton) and David (Byron) are going to Barbados and Kenny's (Hensley) going to Hawaii."

Jamaica the land of reggae. Does Mick like reggae: "I haven't formed any opinion about it yet, so I'm going to find out, I'll probably find out in the next three weeks whether to love or hate it! I'm going to Jamaica for lots of reasons, really. First of all is to rest up me arm and all that stuff, get a little bit of sun and just generally relax, plus I've heard quite a bit about the studios and I'd like to check out some of the musicians down there as well." With that Mick left for the sunny southlands and I returned to my typewriter, another Tab, and the end of this little moment in the history of Uriah Heep. □

The Mick Box Guitar Line-Up

Guitarwise I have a black Les Paul Custom, an old one. This is what I travel with on the road. I've got a Melody Maker, 1956 solidbody Gibson Melody Maker. I snapped the neck off an old Les Paul Junior, an old '56 brown one, when I broke my wrist. I've got a couple of (Fender) Strats and everything but I've tried them with our band and the Gibson seems to have the sound for our band, it just works well. I mean I love playing a Strat and I use it in the studio, but the Gibson's just right for the band.

For amps I've been using Acoustic. I've been using it for about four or five years, quite a long time, and I'm very happy with it.

I use a Crybaby, Wah wah, a Maestro Phase Shifter which gets used on one number, and a foot volume control. I also carry just a Martin acoustic with me just for plunking about and for writing songs.

I generally find that once you've got the sound you want in your head, whatever guitar you put through you always end up getting it, you know what I mean, cause you always consciously work to get that sound.



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LOW RIDER

(As recorded by War)

SYLVESTER ALLEN
 HAROLD R. BROWN
 MORRIS DICKERSON
 LEROY "LONNIE" JORDAN
 CHARLES W. MILLER
 HOWARD SCOTT
 LEE OSKAR
 JERRY GOLDSTEIN

All my friends know the low rider
 The low rider is a little higher.

Low rider drives a little slower
 The low rider is a real goer.

Take a little trip
 Take a little trip
 Take a little trip with me
 Take a little trip
 Take a little trip
 Take a little trip and see.

Low rider knows ev'ry street yeah
 Low rider is the one to meet yeah.

Low rider don't use no gas now
 Low rider don't drive too fast.

Take a little trip with me now
 And maybe you will see him now.

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FEELINGS

(As recorded by Morris Albert)

English words & music by MORRIS ALBERT

Feelings
 Nothing more than feelings
 Trying to forget my feelings of love.

Teardrops
 Rolling down on my face
 Trying to forget my feelings of love.

Feelings
 For all my life I'll feel it
 I wish I've never met you girl
 You'll never come again.

Feeling, wo wo wo feelings
 Wo wo wo feel you, again in my arms.

Feelings
 Feelings like I've never lost you
 And feelings like I'll never have you
 Again in my heart.

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LETTING GO

(As recorded by Wings)

PAUL McCARTNEY
 LINDA McCARTNEY

Ah, she tastes like wine
 Such a human being, so divine
 Oh, she feels like sun
 Mother Nature, look at what you've
 done

Oh, I feel like letting go
 Oh, I feel like letting go.

Ah, she looks like snow
 I want to put her in a Broadway show
 Ah, she'll dance and dine
 Like a Lucifer, she'll always shine
 Oh, I feel like letting go.
 Oh, I feel like letting go.

Ah, she sings it so
 I want to put her on the radio
 One day, and there you are
 Ladies and gentlemen; a brand new
 star

Oh, I feel like letting go
 Oh, I feel like letting go.

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I WANT'A DO SOMETHING FREAKY TO YOU

(As recorded by Leon Haywood)

LEON HAYWOOD

I want'a do something freaky to you
Baby oh baby
I want'a do something freaky to you
Right now oh baby.

Your love like a mountain
And I like to slide down into your
canyon
In the valley of love
I won't rest until I bring joy and hap-
piness.

Ah I want'a do something freaky to you
Baby oh baby

EVERY DAY I HAVE TO CRY

(As recorded by Arthur Alexander)

ARTHUR ALEXANDER

There was a little girl I had planned to
marry
This was my love, I didn't want to share
it
I thought that love would make my life
bright and sunny
She said she couldn't love me 'cause I
didn't have no money.

So, ev'ry day I have to cry some
Ev'ry day I have to cry some
Dry the water from my eye some
Ev'ry day I have to cry.

I had me a girl, I guess I really loved her
Ev'ry night I was thinking of her
But you can't mix love with money
'Cause if you do it's gonna hurt
somebody.

So, ev'ry day I have to cry some
Ev'ry day I have to cry some
Dry the water from my eye some
Ev'ry day I have to cry.

Lord I know that I'm just a poor man
But is it wrong to love 'cause I'm not a
rich man?
Ev'ry time you mix love with money
Ev'ry time it hurts somebody.

So, ev'ry day I have to cry some
Ev'ry day I have to cry some
Dry the water from my eye some
Ev'ry day I have to cry.

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poration, 1968. International copyright
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I want'a do something freaky to you
Right now oh baby.

All twelve positions of the zodiac signs
I won't quit until I blow your mind
Compatible or not, I'll hit the spot
In the name of love, with everything I
got.

I want'a do something freaky to you
Baby oh baby

I want'a do something freaky to you
Right now oh baby.

I don't want to spoil your image of me
But my style of love is totally free
I'll put it where you want it
Long as you need it, give your love baby
I've been mistreated.

I want'a do something freaky to you
Baby oh baby

I want'a do something freaky to you
Right now oh baby.

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SKY HIGH

From the motion picture
"THE MAN FROM HONG KONG"

(As recorded by Jigsaw)

CLIVE SCOTT
DESMOND DYER

Blown round by the wind
Thrown down in a spin
I gave you love

I thought that we had made it to the top
I gave you all I had to give

Why did it have to stop

You've blown it all sky high

By telling me a lie

Without a reason why

You've blown it all sky high

You, you've blown it all sky high

Our love had wings to fly

We could have touched the sky

You've blown it all sky high.

Up round I've flown

Then down, down like a stone

I gave you love

I thought that we had made it to the top
I gave you all I had to give

Why did it have to stop.

You, you've blown it all sky high

By telling me a lie

Without a reason why

You've blown it all sky high

You, you've blown it all sky high

Our love had wings to fly

We could have touched the sky

You've blown it all sky high.

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THIS IS YOUR LIFE

(As recorded by Commodores)

LIONEL B. RICHIE JR.

Do what you wanna do
So much in life to see you through
Be what you wanna be
Be strong and tell the world you're free
I see the children of the world
Searching to find themselves and who
they are
So many roads for them to choose
Yeah so many ways for them to win or
lose
Oh this is your life
Oh yeah yeah
Oh this is your life
Oh yeah yeah.
Round and round we go
People come and people go
Love makes the world go around
The game we play is lost and found
We close our minds to what we see
A world of pain and hate and poverty

Somehow we all must find a way
To make this world for us a better place

Oh this is your life

Oh yeah yeah

Oh this is your life

Oh yeah yeah.

I see you there dying in your wisdom
Where do you go, tell me where do you
go

Just see the light shining through your
window

Why can't you see

Tell me now why can't you see
You're walking down life's lonesome
road

Yes you are
Lonesome road yes you are yes you are

Where do you turn

Where do you turn

I'm longing to see

If your search will find peace of mind
Hey peace of mind,
Do what you want

Cause time is your captain
This is your life baby this is your life.

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LYIN' EYES

(As recorded by Eagles)

DON HENLEY
GLENN FREY

City girls just seem to find out early
How to open doors with just a smile
A rich old man and she won't have to
worry
She'll dress up all in lace and go in style
Late at night a big old house gets lonely
I guess ev'ry form of refuge has its price
And it breaks her heart to think her love
is only
Given to a man with hands as cold as ice
So she tells him she must go out for the
evening
To comfort an old friend who's feeling
down
But he knows where she's going as she's
leaving
She is heading for the cheating side of
town.
You can't hide your lyin' eyes
And your smile has been disguised
I thought by now you'd realize
There ain't no way to hide your lyin'
eyes.
On the other side of town a boy is wait-
ing
With fiery eyes and dreams no one could
steal
She drives on through the night antici-
pating
'Cause he makes her feel the way she
used to feel
She rushes to his arms, they fall

together

She whispers, "It's only for awhile"
She swears that soon she'll be coming
back forever

She goes away and leaves him with a
smile.

You can't hide your lyin' eyes
And your smile has been disguised

I thought by now you'd realize
There ain't no way to hide your lyin'
eyes.
She gets up and pours herself a small
one

And stares out at the stars up in the sky
Another night, it's gonna be a long one
She draws the shade and hangs her
head to cry

She wonders how it ever got this crazy
She thinks about a boy she knew in
school

Did she get tired or did she just get lazy?
She's so far gone she feels just like a
fool.

My oh my you sure know how to ar-
range things

You set it up so well, so carefully
Ain't it funny how you knew life didn't
change things

You're still the same old girl you used to
be.

You can't hide your lyin' eyes
And your smile has been disguised

I thought by now you'd realize
There ain't no way to hide your lyin'
eyes

There ain't no way to hide your lyin'
eyes

Honey you can't hide your lyin' eyes.

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LOVE IS LIKE A HEAT WAVE

(As recorded by Linda Ronstadt)

EDDIE HOLLAND
LAMONT DOZIER
BRIAN HOLLAND

Whenever I'm with him
Something inside starts to burning
And I'm filled with desire
Could it be a devil in me
Or is this the way love's supposed to be
It's like a heat wave
Burning in my heart
I can't keep from crying
It's tearing me apart.
Sometimes I star in space
Tears all over my face
I can't explain it, don't understand it
I never felt like this before
Now this funny feeling has me amazed
Don't know what to do
My head's in a haze
It's like a heat wave

Burning in my heart
I can't keep from crying
It's tearing me apart.
Whenever he calls my name
Soft low and sweet and plain
Right then right there I feel that burning
flame
Has high blood pressure got a hold on
me
Or is this the way love's supposed to be
It's like a heat wave
Burning in my heart
I can't keep from crying
It's tearing me apart.
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Oh yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Oh yeah
I feel it burning right here in my heart
It's like a heat wave
Burning in my heart
I can't keep from crying
It's tearing me apart.

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WHEN YOU'RE YOUNG AND IN LOVE

(As recorded by Ralph Carter)

VAN McCOY

Spring's in the air, there's magic
ev'rywhere
When you're young and in love
Life seems to be a world of fantasy
When you're young and in love
Each night seems just like the Fourth of
July
When stars spangle the sky
Dreams can come true if you believe
they do
When you're young and in love
Trust and you'll find there's no moun-
tain you can't climb
When you're young and in love
Though many teardrops are sure to fall
True love can conquer all
When you're young and in love.
The moon at night seems to shine twice
as bright
When you're young and in love
Each night seems just like the Fourth of
July
When stars spangle the sky
Dreams can come true if you believe
they do
When you're young and in love
Trust and you'll find there's no moun-
tain you can't climb
When you're young and in love
Though many teardrops are sure to fall
True love can conquer all
When you're young and in love.

DEAR PRUDENCE

(As recorded by Kattish)

JOHN LENNON
PAUL McCARTNEY

Dear Prudence won't you come out to
play
Dear Prudence greet the brand new day
ha-hay-hay
The sun is up, the sky is blue it's
beautiful and so are you dear Prudence
Won't you come out to play.

Dear Prudence open up your eyes
Dear Prudence see the sunny ski-hi-hi-es
The wind is low, the birds will sing that
you are part of ev'rything
Dear Prudence
Won't you open up your eyes.

Look around, 'round
('Round, 'round, 'round, 'round, 'round,
'round, 'round)
Look around, 'round, 'round
('Round, 'round, 'round, 'round, 'round,
'round, 'round)
Look around.

Dear Prudence let me see you smile
Dear Prudence like a little chi-hi-hi-id
The clouds will be a daisy chain so let
me see you smile again
Dear Prudence
Won't you let me see you smile.

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EIGHTEEN WITH A BULLET

(As recorded by Pete Wingfield)

PETER WINGFIELD

I'm eighteen with a bullet
Get my finger on the trigger
I'm gonna pull it
I'm picked to click now
I'm the son of a gun yeah yeah
So hold it right there baby
We gonna have a little fun yeah
I may be an oldie
But I'm a goodie too
I'll last forever
But I'll be good to you
You know I will oh yeah.
I'm eighteen with a bullet
Got my finger on the trigger
I'm gonna pull it yes I really am
I'm a super soul sure shot yeah
I'm a national break out
Put me on your play list mama

Come on let's make out

I'm high on the chart

Tipped for the top

But 'til I'm in your heart

I ain't never gonna stop

No I won't baby oh

We've got a smash double hit

If we only stay together

Talkin' 'bout you, talkin' 'bout me.

I'm eighteen with a bullet

Got my finger on the trigger

I'm gonna pull it.

Just be my "B" side baby

Be beside me

Well right now I'm single

But pretty soon you'll see we'll have a
hit first time

It won't be long

You'll find that we're raising a whole
L.P. ooh ooh.

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HE CALLED ME BABY

(As recorded by Nancy Wilson)

HARLAN HOWARD

He called me baby, baby
All night long
Used to hold and kiss me till the dawn
Then one day I awoke and he was gone
There's no more baby, baby
All night long
He called me baby, baby all night long.

Lord I feel so empty since he's been gone
Now I lie here and I die here until the
dawn

I miss my baby, baby all night long
Kissed my tears away when things
went wrong

What I'd give if he'd just come on back
home

And call me baby, baby all night long.

Held me up so high and made me strong
Now each night in dreams just like a
song

I still hear baby, baby all night long.

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INDIAN LOVE CALL

(As recorded by Ray Stevens)

OTTO HARBACK
OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN II
RUDOLF FRIML

Ooh, ooh
So echoes of sweet love notes gently fall
Thru the forest stillness
As fond waiting Indian lovers call.

When the lone lagoon stirs in the spring
Welcoming home some swany white
wing

When the maiden moon
Riding the sky, gathers her star-eyed
dream children night

That is the time of the moon and the
year

When love dreams to Indian maidens
appear

And this is the song that they hear
When I'm calling you-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo
Will you answer too-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo.

That means I offer my love to you to be
your own

If you refuse me, I will be blue
And waiting all alone
But if when you hear my love call
ringing clear

And I hear your answering echo, so dear
Then I will know our love will come true
You'll belong to me, I'll belong to you.

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BAD BLOOD

(As recorded by Neil Sedaka)

PHIL CODY
NEIL SEDAKA

It could've been me
But it was you
Who went and bit off a little bit more
than he could chew
You said you had it made
But you been had
The woman no good, no how
Thinkin' maybe the blood is bad.

Bad blood
The woman was born to lie
Make promises she can't keep
With the wink of an eye
Bad blood
Brother you've been deceived
It's bound to change your mind about
all you believe.

From where I stand it looks mighty
strange

How you let a woman like that treat you
like small change
I don't understand
What you're lookin' to find
The only thing bad blood do is mess up a
good man's mind.
Bad blood
The bitch is in her smile
The lie is on her lips
Such an evil child
Bad blood
Is takin' you for a ride
The only good thing about bad blood is
lettin' it slide.

Do run do run di di dit dit run run
Do run do run di di dit dit run run
Do run do run di di dit dit run run
Bad blood
Bad blood
Do run do run di di dit dit run run
Do run do run di di dit dit run run
Do run do run di di dit dit run run
Bad blood.

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THE WAY I WANT TO TOUCH YOU

(As recorded by Captain & Tennille)

TONI TENNILLE

I never wanted, I never wanted to touch
a man
The way that I want to touch you
I never wanted, I never wanted to love a
man
The way that I want to love you.

You are sunshine, you are shadow
You are morning, you are night
You are hard times, you are good times
You are darkness, you are light.

I never wanted, I never wanted to give
a man
The things that I want to give you
I never wanted, I never wanted to live
with a man
The way that I want to live with you.
(Repeat chorus)

I never wanted, I never wanted to love a
man
The way that I want to love you
I never wanted, I never wanted to touch
a man
The way that I want to touch you
The way that I want to touch you
The way that I want to touch you
The way that I want to touch you.

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WHAT A DIFF'RENCE A DAY MAKES

(As recorded by Esther Phillips/Kudu)

STANLEY ADAMS
MARIA GREVER

I dreaded ev'ry morning
Until without a warning
You arrived bringing heaven to my door
And you changed all my blue notes to a
love song
It's the dawning that I've waited for.
What a diff'rence a day makes
Twenty four little hours
Brought the sun and the flowers
Where there used to be rain
My yesterday was blue dear
Today I'm part of you dear
My lonely nights are thru dear
Since you said you were mine
What a diff'rence a day makes
There's a rainbow before me
Skies above can't be stormy
Since that moment of bliss
That thrilling kiss
It's heaven when you
Find romance on your menu
What a diff'rence a day makes
And the diff'rence is you.

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KATMANDU

(As recorded by Bob Seger)

BOB SEGER

I think I'm going to Katmandu
That's really, really where I'm going to
If I ever get out of here
That's what I'm gonna do.

K-K-K-K-K-Katmandu
I think that's really where I'm going to
If I ever get out of here
I'm going to Katmandu.

I got no kick against the West Coast
Warner Brothers are such good hosts
I raise my whiskey glass and give them
a toast
I'm sure they know it's true.

I got no rap against the Southern states
Ev'ry time I've been there it's been great
But now I'm leavin' and I can't be late
And to myself be true.

If I ever get out of here
If I ever get out of here
I'm going to Katmandu.

That's why I'm going to Katmandu
Up to the mountains where I'm going to
If I ever get out of here that's what I'm
going to do

K-K-K-K-K-Katmandu
That's really, really where I'm going to
If I ever get out of here I'm going to Kat-
mandu.

I ain't got nothing 'gainst the East Coast
There are some people where they got
the most
And New York City's like a friendly
ghost
You've seen the best right through.

I know I'm gonna miss the U.S.A.
I guess I'll miss it every single day
But no one loves me here anyway
I know my playing is through.

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I ONLY HAVE EYES FOR YOU

(As recorded by Art Garfunkel/Columbia)

AL DUBIN
HARRY WARREN

My love must be a kind of blind love
I can't see anyone but you
And dear, I wonder if you find love
An optical illusion too?
Are the stars out tonight?
I don't know if it's cloudy or bright

'Cause I only have eyes for you, dear
The moon may be high, but I can't see a
thing in the sky

'Cause I only have eyes for you.

I don't know if we're in a garden
Or on a crowded avenue
You are here, so am I
Maybe millions of people go by
But they all disappear from view
And I only have eyes for you.
(Repeat chorus)

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I ONLY HAVE LOVE

(As recorded by Syl Johnson)

WILLIE MITCHELL
EARL RANDLE
MABON HODGES
LAWRENCE SEYMOUR

I only have love for you
I only have love for you.
At the beginning of our love affair
I promise the moon, sun, and swear I
give you diamonds, roses and wine
But now girl it's testifying time
I wasn't born with a silver spoon
Nor a mansion with thirty five rooms
Ain't got no bonds or shares of stocks
I don't own no piece of the rock
I can't give you luxury
All I've got to give is me.
I only have love for you
I only have love for you.

Just walking 'round being bold
I don't know how much love I stole
I've been around a long time
What I'm doing I don't feel a crime
Steal a little love, spread a little joy
I never take a girl's heart for a toy
All the things I say I mean
I can't help it if my pockets are clean
Laugh with me, cry with me, believe in
me

And, oh baby, stay with me.

You and me love is free
Just the way it's meant to be
Loving you innocently
Girl can't you see, can't you see
While the world push and shove
All I'm doing is pushing good, good
love.

I only have love for you
I only have love for you.

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LOVE IS A ROSE

(As recorded by Linda Ronstadt)

NEIL YOUNG

Love is a rose but you better not pick it
 Only grows when it's on the vine
 Handful of thorns and you'll know
 you've missed it
 Lose your love when you say the word
 "mine."
 I wanna see what's never been seen
 I wanna live that age-old dream
 Come on, boy, let's go together
 Let's take the best right now
 Take the best right now.

Love is a rose but you better not pick it
 Only grows when it's on the vine
 Handful of thorns and you'll know
 you've missed it
 Lose your love when you say the word
 "mine"
 Love is a rose, love is a rose.
 I wanna go to an old hoe-down long
 ago in a western town
 Pick me up 'cause my feet are draggin'
 Give me a lift and I'll hay your wagon.
 (Repeat chorus)

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SOMETHING BETTER TO DO

(As recorded by Olivia Newton-John)

JOHN FARRAR

I try to be patient
 I try not to moan
 But it's drivin' me crazy
 Tryin' to live here alone
 My conversation gets nowhere when I talk to myself
 I've lost my sense of humour
 Somewhere here on the shelf.
 The moon is wastin' it's shine, shinin' on me
 Until I see you again
 I won't be out in the moon light
 And I'll be sleepin' by ten
 The birds are wastin' their son
 Singin' to me
 Until I'm wakin' with you
 Until you're back in my arms dear
 The birds'll have to find something better to do.
 A shoulder to cry on
 Would make me feel fine
 But it's not much comfort
 When I'm cryin' on mine
 Friends and relatives are runnin' out of patience with me
 I keep myself to myself
 But I'm no company.
 The moon is wastin' it's shine, shinin' on me
 Until I see you again
 I won't be out in the moon light
 And I'll be sleepin' by ten
 The birds are wastin' their song
 Singin' to me
 Until I'm wakin' with you
 Until you're back in my arms dear
 The birds'll have to find something better to do
 So baby till you're back in my arms
 The birds will have to find something better to do.

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SOS

(As recorded by Abba)

BENNY ANDERSSON
STIG ANDERSON
BJORN ULVAEUS

Where are those happy days they seem so hard to find?
 I try to reach for you, but you have closed your mind
 Whatever happened to our love?
 I wish I understood
 It used to be so nice
 It used to be so good.
 So when you're near me darling
 Can't you hear me SOS
 The love you gave me nothing else can save me SOS
 When you're gone how can I even try to go on
 When you're gone though I try how can I carry on.
 You seem so far away though you are standing near
 You made me feel alive but something died I fear
 I really tried to make it out
 I wish I understood
 What happened to our love?
 It used to be so good.
 So when you're near me darling can't you hear me SOS
 The love you gave me nothing else can save me SOS
 When you're gone how can I even try to go on
 When you're gone though I try how can I carry on.
 When you're gone how can I even try to go on
 When you're gone though I try how can I carry on.
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 When you're gone though I try how can I carry on.

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LEFTOVERS

(As recorded by Millie Jackson)

PHILLIP MITCHELL

Tell me how do you feel
Knowing he's my man
And the love he's giving you
Is weak and second-hand.

Tell me how could you lay there
Stretched out in my bed
With my brand new nighty on
My rollers in your nappy head.

Some girls ain't got no pride at all
Some are just down right dirty
Some are just dogs.

All you're gettin' is my leftovers
You're diggin' outta love I done picked
over

You oughta leave my man alone
Find one of your own
Stop pickin' the jar girl
Scrapin' the bone.

It don't bother me that your man give
you a little bit of lovin' sometime
Cause, you see, I know if he makes it
good to you
It's me that's on his mind.

Tell me, tell me, tell me now how could
you forget girl
The man left you for me
And if he ever decides to do it to you
It's out of responsibility.

I don't see how some folks can be so
dumb
You got the nerve to think you're living
good
But all you're getting is crumbs.

All you're gettin' is my leftovers
You're diggin' outta love I done picked
over
You oughta leave my man alone
Find one of your own
Stop pickin' the jar girl
Scrapin' the bone.

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Lady blue, oh, sing a love song
Lady blue.

I want to get it straight right now, oh
baby
'Cause I love you more and more and
more
Lady Blue.

Sad Lady, Blue Lady
Sing me a love song

I just want you to know that I love you
more and more and more and more.

So if you want it to be real good to you
When I'm layin' here makin' love to you
Listen real close to me, baby.

(As recorded by Leon Russell/Shelter/
MCA)

LEON RUSSELL

Well, you're showing me a diff'rent side
Even asked if the flame has died
You're getting used to me baby
But you just a-wait and see, lady
'Cause I've been in love before
And I love you a whole lot more
So, if you want it to be real good to you
When I'm layin' here makin' love to you
Listen real close to me, baby.

You just a-wait and see, lady
I got a whole lot of love to give you
I got a whole life to spend if you'll just
let me sing sweet love songs

I LOVE MAKIN' LOVE TO YOU

(As recorded by Evie Sands/Haven)

BEN WEISMAN

EVIE SANDS

RICHARD GERMINARO

Feels so fine ev'ry time
Ooh I love makin' love to you
Anywhere I don't care
Ooh I love makin' love to you
Ooh the fire in your eyes
Makes my lovin' temper'ture rise
Honey sweet ecstasy
Ooh I love what you're doing to me
(Please don't stop)
Ooh I think that I'm gonna lose control
(Don't cha stop)
Ooh I want you to fill me with your soul.

'Cause there's no lightning or thunder
Any seventh wonder mightier than
what you've got
Keep it up forever

No one does it better baby

Get it while it's hot.

Give me more like before

Ooh I love makin' love to you

Makes me feel life is real

Ooh I love makin' love to you

Ooh your heart touchin' mine

Starts the beat of a natural rhyme

Such a sweet melody

Ooh I love when you sing it to me.

(Repeat chorus)

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Music/Common Good Music Co./Pocket
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Inc./Touch Of Gold Music, Inc.

WHO LOVES YOU

(As recorded by Four Seasons/Warner Bros.)

BOB GAUDIO
JUDY PARKER

Who loves you pretty baby
Who's gonna help you through the night?

Who loves you pretty mama
Who's always there to make it right?
Who loves you pretty baby
Who's gonna help you through the night?

Who loves you pretty mama
Who's always there to make it right?
Who loves you.

Who loves you pretty baby?
Who's gonna love you mama?
Who loves you?
Who loves you pretty baby?
When tears are in your eyes
And you can't find the way
It's hard to make believe you're happy
when you're grey
Baby when you're feeling like you'll never see the morning light
Come to me.

Baby you'll see
Who loves you pretty baby

Who's gonna help you through the night?

Who loves you pretty mama
Who's always there to make it
Who loves you?

Who loves you pretty baby?
Who's gonna love you mama?
Who loves you?

Who loves you pretty baby?

And when you think the whole wide world has passed you by
You keep on trying but you really don't know why
Baby when you need a smile to help the shadows drift away

Come to me.
Baby you'll see

Who loves you pretty baby
Who's gonna help you through the night?

Who loves you pretty mama
Who's always there to make it
Who loves you?

Who's gonna love you, love you
Who's gonna love you?
Who loves you?

Who's gonna love you, love you
Who's gonna love you?

Baby, baby
Do do do come to me
Baby, baby
Do do do come to me.

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BRAZIL

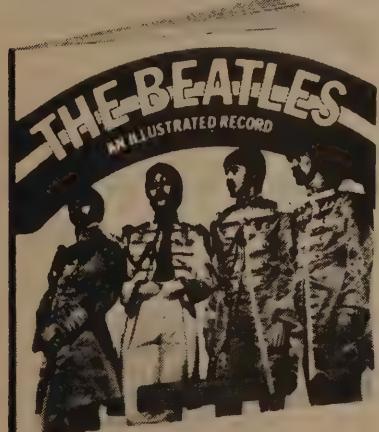
(As recorded by The Ritchie Family/20th Century)

S.K. RUSSELL
ARY BARROSO

Brazil

Where hearts were entertaining June
We stood beneath an amber moon
And softly murmured "Somewhere soon"
We kissed and clung together
Then tomorrow was another day
The morning found me miles away
With still a million things to say
Now when twilight dims the sky above
Recalling thrills of our day
There's one thing I'm certain of
Return I will to old Brazil.

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TO EACH HIS OWN

(As recorded by Faith, Hope & Charity/RCA)

G. BECKLEY

To each his own it's plain to see
To walk alone you have to be
It's all for you and all for me
You'll see.

I'm gonna miss you, yes I will
No matter who you are
I'll love you still
For my life is my conscience
The seeds I sow
I just wanted to let you know.
Familiar faces that I've seen
Turning red and turning green
They just got caught with writing on
their sleeve
I guess I'll leave.

I'm gonna miss you, yes I will
No matter who you are
I'll love you still
Will you cancel my papers
And lock the door
'Cause I ain't gonna be round no more.

I AIN'T LYIN'

(As recorded by George McCrae/TK)

HARRY WAYNE CASEY
RICHARD FINCH

I ain't lyin', I ain't lyin' no no no
I ain't lyin' when I say I need you babe
When I say I love you babe.
You're my dream come true
And the apple of my eye
I'll give my love to you girl
But you've got to give me a try
Come on trust me babe
Believe in me oh
You gotta trust me babe
Believe me oh.

Love ain't easy to come by
And this I'm sure you know
I'll give my love to you girl
But you've got to let yourself go
Come on trust me babe
Believe in me oh
You gotta trust me babe
Believe me oh.
Trust me babe
Believe in me oh
You got to
I, I, I ain't lyin'
I wanna hold you babe
I wanna kiss you babe
I wanna squeeze you babe.

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THE AGONY AND THE ECSTASY

(As recorded by William "Smokey" Robinson/Tamla)

WILLIAM "SMOKEY" ROBINSON

What's it all about this crazy love?
How did our two worlds entwine?
How do I fit in to your life?
How did you get into mine?
I belong to someone else we know.

Back when first we met
We thought for fun one night together
might be nice
Oh but fun turned into love for both of
us
So now we pay forbidden lovers' price
Ah 'cause love like ours is never, ever
free
You pay some agony for the ecstasy
Love like ours is never, ever free
You got to pay some agony for the
ecstasy.

But you love me still and I love you
You know I would no matter where I'd
be

Nights when you're alone you know
that I lay with someone else beside me
Hey but love like ours is never, ever free
You got to pay some agony for the
ecstasy.

Love like ours is never, ever free
We got to pay some agony if we want to
have the ecstasy
Hey got to pay some agony if we wanna
have ecstasy
Yeah we need each other desperately,
don't we baby?
And I'll never from you be free
No, no so you'll have to do the leavin'
me
Yeah and you'll have to do the leavin'
me
Oh baby 'cause I'm gonna pay the
agony yeah
'Cause oh loving you is ecstasy that's
what it is

And I'm willing to pay the price
'Cause I'll make any sacrifice oh yes I
will and I'll never, never, never, never,
never, never, never be free from you.

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CHOCOLATE CHIP

(As recorded by Isaac Hayes/Hot Buttered Soul/ABC)

ISAAC HAYES

I'm mean; I'm clean
I'm a rocking sex machine
I'm the slickest player in the street
I've got back from way back
And my wardrobe stays intact.

You ain't never had a nigger like me
What's my name?
Chocolate Chip, Chocolate Chip
What's my game
Master rip, master rip.

I keeps a bad ride and big money in my
slide
I got diamonds fit for a king
I can sing, I can dance
I'm the god father of romance.

You ain't never had a nigger like me
What's my name?
Chocolate Chip, Chocolate Chip
What's my game
Master rip, master rip.

I'm fast, I've got class
And a cold blooded pad
In every room a color tv
And you can really get down
With my collection of latest sounds.

You ain't never had a nigger like me
What's my name?
Chocolate Chip, Chocolate Chip
What's my game
Master rip, master rip.

I gotta strong reputation all across the
nation
I'm even known across the sea
I got gals from all the races
You see they come from a lot of places.

You ain't never had a nigger like me
What's my name?
Chocolate Chip, Chocolate Chip
What's my game
Master rip, master rip.

I'm a lover for hire
I'll set your soul on fire
Then chill you like it's 32 degrees
I'm one of a kind
I'll really wreck your mind.

You ain't never had a nigger like me
What's my name?
Chocolate Chip, Chocolate Chip
What's my game
Master rip, master rip.

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THE GOOD OLD DAYS

(As recorded by Main Ingredient)

LEONARD PERRY

Wow baby do you remember the good old days?

Can you still make love the same old way?

Wow baby although our love has come to an ending yea

**Memories of you stay on my mind
And I was sitting here alone reminiscing, oh girl**

**Wow I think I can tell you now
Darling I had a good time
Yes I did**

Like the time you were supposed to come straight home from school

You made a detour with me

**We went walking honey thru the park
Started talking**

You got home after dark baby.

Do you remember darlin' those good old days? yea

Wow and can you still make love the same old way

Listen baby.

Sometimes I sit and I wonder what happened to our love

Cause then baby you were the only one I was thinkin' of, swear you were, listen baby

I used to buy you flowers and call you every hour

We'd always tie up the telephone

Hey your mother never could call home Like the time when you had to baby sit for your Aunt Pearly

We didn't expect them back before 5 or 6

But she came home early baby.

Baby I got to know tell me do you remember

(Do you remember)

Those good old days

Baby oh and can you still make love

(Can you still make love)

The same, same, same, same good way

(The same old way)

Baby, and I used to carry your book darlin'

(Do you remember)

While you was comin' home from school

(The good old days)

Baby I was so hip baby listen you were so cool

(Can you still make love the same old way).

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THIS SPACE CONTRIBUTED BY THE PUBLISHER

ALEX HARVEY (continued from page 21)

through Alex's raps. When he thunders into a solo his face is a fantastic parody of every guitar-hero grimace, and I particularly like when he leans against the drum kit in utter boredom as his fingers pull riffs by the dozen. Alex thinks he is a reincarnated jester.

The others aren't nearly so rebellious, being content to pound out music with a force that instantly conjures the associations of tear gas. Bassist Chris Glen and drummer Ted McKenna are particularly savage, while the textures of pianist Hugh McKenna — looking very relaxed in his wine red velvet smoking jacket — keep elevating the sound from being just another heavy metal monster.

The songs aren't the usual boy-meets-girl either, mainly because Alex finds he can't write it. "I've tried often but it comes out really rotten, so I try and imagine a set of circumstances and use that." The result is built around images ("Mother dear, can you hear, they're teaching me to do the goosestep") and comic book shorthand, comics being a lifelong preoccupation. "They simplify everything so you get the storyline and pictures and you get the picture much quicker. I can see rock 'n' roll as being very much like a comic book. People like Elvis or Alice Cooper, they're right out of a comic."

The most obvious result of these influences is Vambo. "In Glasgow there's graffiti like New York, and they invent new words, and the gangs stamp out their territories, write something like YOUNG CARDEE STOMP, EVEN HITLER AFRAID YOUNG GOVEN TEAM, OK. And they spell everything as simple as it can be, and I think the English language should be like that — like in America you get tonite — it makes it easier to understand. So Vambo came out of that. I wanted this kind of superhero that wasn't a vandal. That was important because it's easy to incite these kids to be silly. I've been in gangs — the one thing I learned about violence is nobody ever wins. The gang thing is just a case of not

being strong enough to withstand running with the pack. It's easy to say, 'I'm in such and such a gang' — it gives a certain security. It's a good thing as long as you don't think it's the end of the world and anybody who doesn't agree has got to die."

Now that England is believing, the Sensational Alex Harvey Band is turning to America. This summer they are on their third tour. Alex likes America; he finds it innocent. "Even the corruption is innocent," he laughs, citing Watergate which he thought a three ring circus. "Because politics is an act, isn't it, but rock 'n' roll upstages it every time because politics doesn't have electricity. Bob Dylan has reached more people than Nixon and in a positive way."

A statement that could be said of Alex.

"I want to reach people, but I'm not a leader. They've got to do it themselves, they've got to own up themselves that they're not perpetually right. That some other country isn't to blame and then maybe it could get a bit better. I'm very optimistic about the future. The sexual revolution is really the revolution that counts. The freedom of it. In Victorian times it was all so repressed that instead of fucking the big thing was to be a Hussar or a Lancer and strut about and gas the chicks. And instead of life that meant death, and the world's still a lot like that. But show me anyone who's a real killer and I'll show you someone who doesn't fuck very well."

"But I believe in them kids — I don't like fans; it seems to put them down because they do things much better than my generation. They're smarter and they're not more violent — all that talk about the world getting more violent. If you think about it you couldn't walk about London during the eighteenth century without carrying a sword, or the old West without a gun. New York mugging may be violent but it's no more violent than Gettysburg. We just have more means at our disposal to kill people." □



WE ALL GOTTA STICK TOGETHER

(As recorded by Four Tops)

LAWRENCE DAYTON
RICHARD KNIGHT
FRED BRIDGES
RICHARD BEASLEY

I know you're gettin' tired of hearin' the same old song
People talkin' 'bout what's right or wrong
But I think I gotta tell you 'bout it one more time
Revolution, evolution, execution
These are facts of life
We gotta deal with earnin' right now.

I remember when every man had a friend he could depend on
But, now, my how times've changed
People can't even recall each other's names
But I'm tired of all of this stress and strain
Oo 'cause we all gotta stick together
We all gotta stick together
We all gotta stick together now.

Sit down, sit down, sit down, sit down
Sit down, sit down, sit down, sit down
Sit down, sit down, sit down.

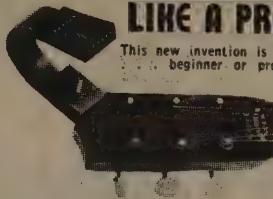
Well you know it's gonna be a sin
If we can't begin lovin' each other more every day
Share in each other's love and trust and pride
As we go through life side by side together
Yeah we all gotta stick together
We all gotta stick together
We all gotta stick together now.

Everybody, we should throw away our pride
And we shouldn't hide all the things we feel for one another
Oh, we stop to look today, to say that love is dead

No it's spreadin' instead
And we're all gonna live together one more time
We all gotta stick together
We all gotta stick together
We all gotta stick together now.

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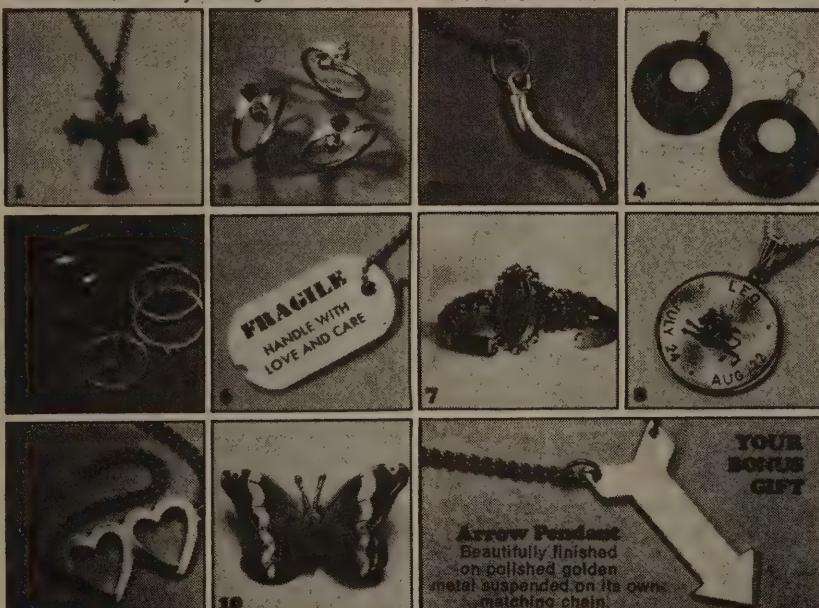
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JOE AT THE CONTROLS

by Scott Cohen

In 1970, with only an hour and a half of studio experience, Joe Schick opened Blue Rock Studio. Among his first customers were Bob Dylan and Leon Russell.

"A mutual friend suggested I call Dylan. The call was never returned, but a week later he just showed up, wearing the same hat as me. He looked the studio over and said he would be back in a week."

A week later Dylan returned with Leon Russell and some other heavies. They stayed for four days.

"It was Blue Rock's first important session, and even though I tried to act nonchalant, it was pretty obvious that I wasn't Glyn Johns. But nobody seemed to mind and a Dylan single and several album cuts came out of it."

Historically, Blue Rock was the first downtown recording studio in New York. It was intended to encourage musicians to spend the night (there were no clocks). It was created as an environment for which underground artists could record comfortably. For that reason it was built in an entire building in Soho, the center of the New York underground art scene. Joe stresses the word "environment."

"The whole design and philosophy of the studio was created to be compatible with working musicians. It was designed by John Storyk, who was working on Electric Lady Studio the same time. The studio was like a gentleman's den: overstuffed chairs, wood (as opposed to metal or plastic), round edges (as opposed to angular ones), denim on the walls, Persian carpets on the floors and pinball machines in the corners."

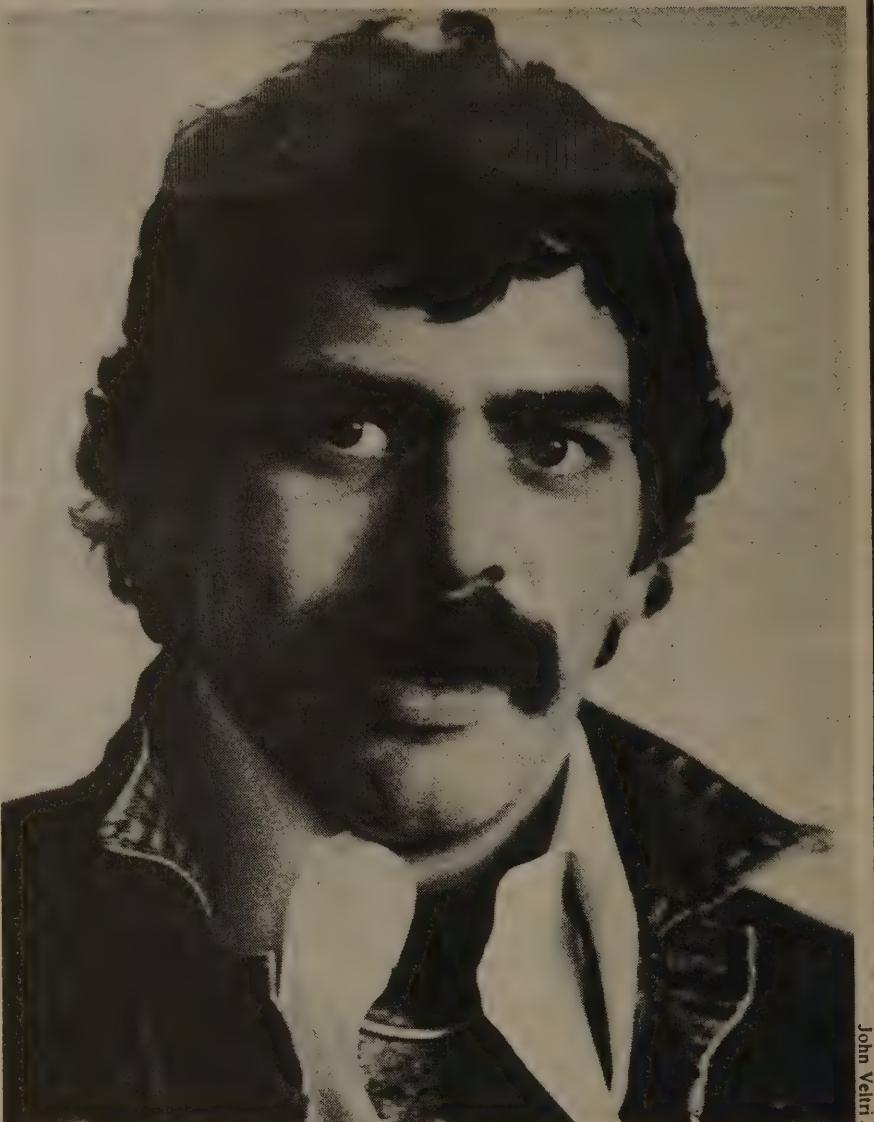
Over the next several years, as the underground movement faded and Blue Rock became more established, the studio hosted such diverse artists as Judy Collins, Bill Cosby, Todd Rundgren and Bob Marley and the Wailers.

During this period Joe gave up engineering and got into the organization and functioning of the studio. Joe became more interested in making the studio into a well-honed instrument, "making sure the musicians, producer, engineer and maintenance people are all operating together to insure the success of the recording."

Joe's success in creating the right environment led him to change his environment. Now operating out of Bearsville Studio in Woodstock, Joe says, "the situation here is more challenging. We have two studios plus a full-16 track remote recording truck."

What's it like to record at Bearsville? "The physical surroundings are beautiful, the ideal place for people who don't feel comfortable recording in the city."

In recent weeks Bearsville has been buzzing. Todd Rundgren, Paul Butter-



field and the Fabulous Rhinestones have all been up.

No matter how an artist performs live, he doesn't have a record until he has been in the studio. The studio is the moment of truth. In the past fifteen years the studio has changed dramatically. Fifteen years ago artists spent two days in the studio. Today they spend months. The average album today costs \$25,000 to make. Then it cost a couple of hundred dollars.

In the seven years that Joe has been in the studio he's seen technology become more sophisticated. 24-tracks have replaced 8-tracks and 16-tracks. Phil Spector and Brian Wilson were early pioneers. Joe thinks "Elton John, Stevie Wonder and Jimi Hendrix records are master pieces of studio genius."

Some people Joe would like to trap in Bearsville are The Eagles, Boz Scaggs, Earth, Wind And Fire and Aerosmith. He thinks when recording a group the at-

mosphere and personnel are more important than what kind of equipment and speakers you use.

"There's two schools of thought about how you work in the studio. One is that the music is already arranged and the musicians come fully rehearsed. The other is that a great deal of the internal working on the song happens in the studio." Joe favors the latter. "The studio is magical and it can transform something that isn't exciting into something that is."

When Joe records a record he isn't looking at the charts for a hit. He's getting the most out of what is there, which is often hard work.

"One person can come into the studio and want it to look like four in the morning, dark lights, cigarette smoke and empty coffee containers. Another likes it to be clean and businesslike. Some like it to be an endless party." Joe's business is to make it the way they like it. □

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JUNE '75

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POP: GRAND FUNK RAILROAD SOUL: TAVARES COUNTRY: MAC DAVIS

OVER 60 TOP TUNES

"DON'T CALL US, WE'LL CALL YOU", "NO NO SONG", "LADY MARMALADE", "SHAME, SHAME, SHAME", "LINDA ON MY MIND", "BEFORE THE NEXT TEARDROP FALLS"

SEPTEMBER '75

FEATURES

POP: THE CARPENTERS SOUL: THE OHIO PLAYERS

COUNTRY: MEL TILLIS

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"PHILADELPHIA FREEDOM", "JACKIE BLUE", "BABY THAT'S BACKATCHA", "SHAKY GROUND", "I CAN STILL HEAR THE MUSIC IN THE RESTROOM", "THE BARGAIN STORE"

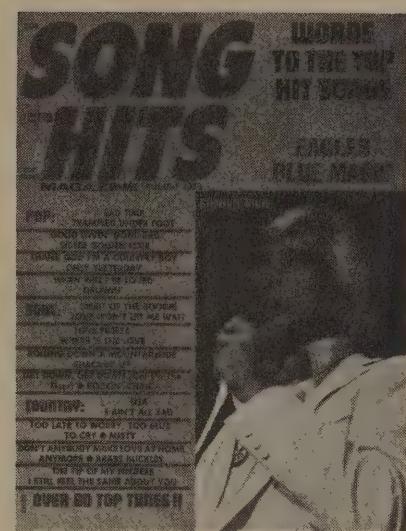
OCTOBER '75

FEATURES

POP: ALICE COOPER SOUL: LABELLE COUNTRY: GARY STEWART

OVER 60 TOP TUNES

"SATURDAY NIGHT SPECIAL", "DON T KNOW WHY I LOVE YOU", "I'LL DO FOR YOU ANYTHING YOU WANT ME TO", "PLEASE PARDON ME(YOU REMIND ME OF A FRIEND)", "DEAL", "TOUCH THE HAND"



AUGUST '75

POP: EAGLES SOUL: BLUE MAGIC COUNTRY: CHARLIE FENDER

OVER 60 TOP TUNES

"WHEN WILL I BE LOVED", "THANK GOD I'M A COUNTRY BOY", "SPIRIT OF THE BOOGIE", "L-O-V-E", "LISA", "BRASS BUCKLES"

NOVEMBER 1975

FEATURES

POP: BEE GEES SOUL: ROBERTA FLACK COUNTRY: FREDDY FENDER

OVER 60 TOP TUNES

"AT SEVENTEEN", "JIVE TALKIN'", "THAT'S WHEN THE MUSIC TAKES ME", "GET DOWN TONIGHT", "GLASSHOUSE", "JUST GET UP AND CLOSE THE DOOR"



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TUBES

(continued from page 9)

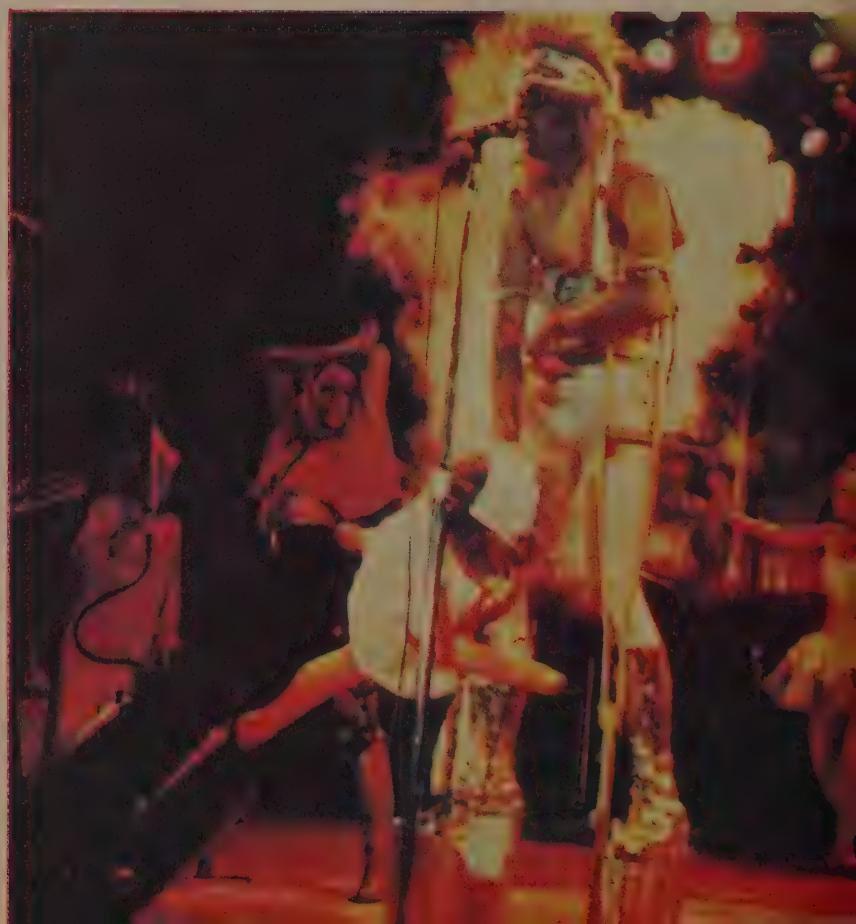
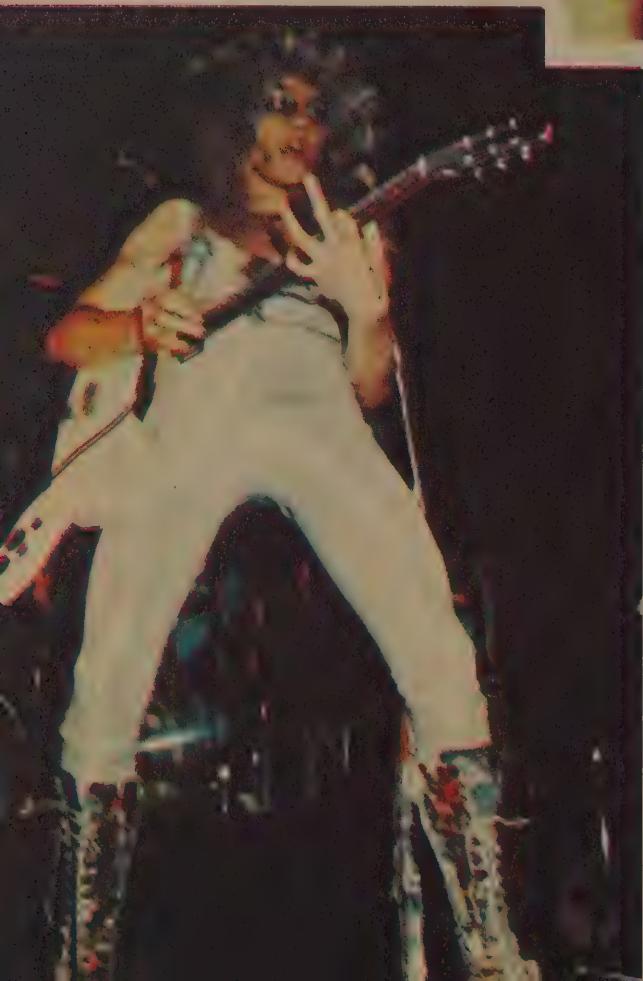
art as "Rock 'n' Roll Hospital" (featuring Fee, a half-dressed nurse and a chain saw), the semi-classical "Malaguena Salerosa" (Fee in Fidel Castro drag), "It's Not Unusual" (pimping Tom Jones, Las Vegas and sex - as - a - sex - object), and the grand finale, "White Punks on Dope" (Fee as English superstar Quay Lewd in 18-inch platforms, augmented by a platoon of dancer-groupies, firemen, jugglers, ballet dancers and — when I saw them — a 40-piece close-order black girls' drill team). Plus, as they say, much, much more, including the first effective use of video on stage.

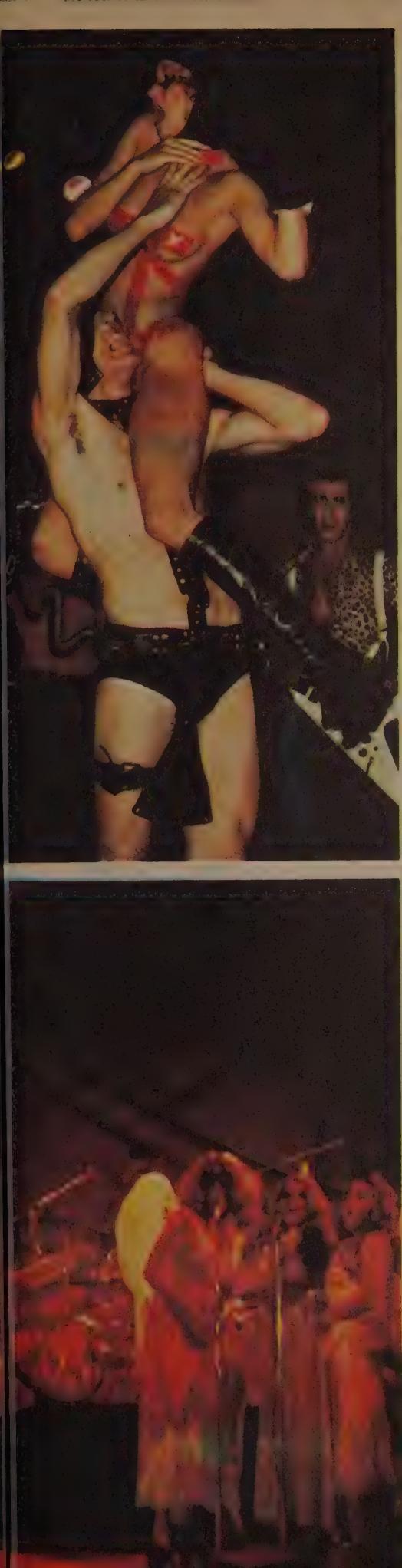
The Tubes continue to grow. Latest big addition is the dancing group, Leila T. Snake and the Fronds (who recently won second place in an amateur talent contest; the first-place winner was a yodeler), and a choreographer, Kenny Ortega. Video whiz (and college professor) T.J. McHose is also becoming a regular.

Having conquered the West Coast (they had not yet performed outside California, at this writing), the Tubes are now laying plans for an assault on the remainder of the Home of the Brave; spies say it will begin in New York and roll westward from there, some time this fall.

The question is, why? Fee offers an answer:

"We can't make any money — there's too many of us. I'm not really in it for the money, anyway. My mom is really proud of me. That's why I'm doing it — for my mom." □





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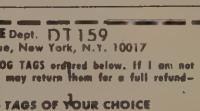
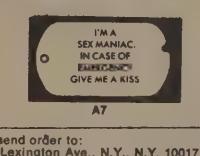
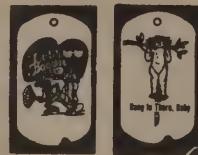
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BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN

(continued from page 29)

men. Like Paul Jones with Manfred Mann. I always loved that guy, thought he was fantastic. Man, when they came out and did like 'Do Wah Diddy Diddy' — we do some of their songs, you know — I loved them. I love all their songs. I thought he was a great, great singer, Paul Jones. He has this great distinctive voice that I'm nuts about.

"And, you know, Mick Jagger was an incredible front man in the '60s. Eric Burdon — all them cats. So I might do my own thing with it, but I gotta do it. Those are the kind of things that I go back to: Jackie Wilson — all the singers. So that's

why I figure I started doing it. Plus it's a little easier to lead the band without the guitar. You can get a little better picture of what you're going for.

"I don't ever start doing anything all of a sudden. It's all gradual, very gradual, a gradual process. It happens little by little.

I decide to do this, and I do a little more, then I do a little more, and it leads into something else. And all of a sudden, I've got a guitar player. But I started before I had a guitar player. The band played without any guitar and I'd front. Then I got a guitar player and now I do a little more. It all evolved."

It has, indeed, evolved for Bruce Springsteen, and his evolution from his first album to where he is today might be

comparable to human evolution from the Neanderthal to Albert Einstein. And part of Bruce's reluctance to examine his changes in detail seems to be a fear of interfering with this evolution. He wants it to continue as naturally as it did in the past.

This may be wishful thinking if Bruce Springsteen finally cracks the ranks of the superstars, as so many are predicting he'll do. The pressures and mind trips involved in that kind of a situation are totally different from anything he's had to face before. Intelligence, integrity, inspiration and humanity have all been beaten down many times by success. Maybe Bruce will manage to continue evolving and creating even more exciting music, but, as he himself admits, it ain't easy. □



Steve Morley

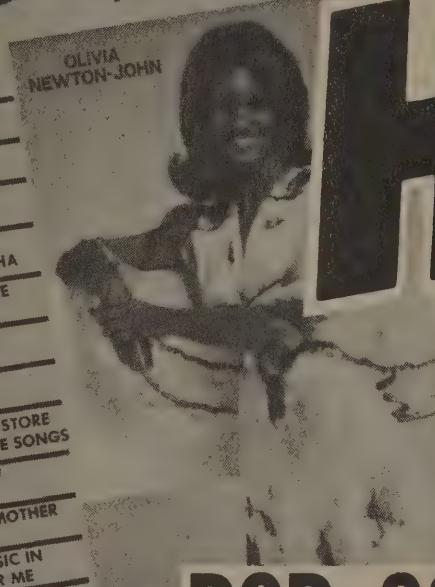
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HP: Are you going to give up doing "Quadrophenia" onstage?

RD: Oh yeah, sure, it became too much of a problem onstage. The numbers are too similar.

(At this point, the limousine driver informs us we've arrived at the hotel. When we get settled in his suite, we take up a wholly different subject.)

HP: Last time we talked — it was at the start of your last American tour — I told you I didn't care for your first solo album, "Daltrey." The funny thing is, now I sort of like it.

RD: I think I told you then that it's the kind of album that creeps up on you. And it's totally different from the Who. It's a side of me that if you know me, it's a good album. And I think it does stand the test of time. I think this new album is an improvement. But this is another very subtle album. The songs aren't instant. They

don't come out and bang you between the eyes. But you listen to it 10 times and you kind of find yourself singing them. They're all unknowns again (the songwriters and songs), I'm finding them unknowns.

HP: You really discovered something in Leo Sayer and David Courtney (who wrote the songs on "Daltrey").

RD: I mean, that's what I feel about it. I can't write songs, but I can sing. And there's a lot of bloody good songwriters out there. I mean, Sayer could sing. But he didn't have any success in England. He had three singles out and nobody wanted to know about him. And I'm sitting there in my studio going, "Urrg, uhhnn," fucking frustration-plus. So I did that album, and all of a sudden, everybody's going, (in a clipped upper-class accent) "Who's this Leo Sayer, then? He writes quite good tunes." So I mean, if you can

do that, then it's positive, innit?

HP: Yeah, I think he's gonna be a big star.

RD: He's great. But I tell you what, though; he's left Courtney.

A: He has?

RD: Yeah. And I tell you what: Courtney was 55 or even 60 per cent of that team. Because he used to write all them melodies. And I mean, those melody lines, they're the kind of things that soak into your brain.

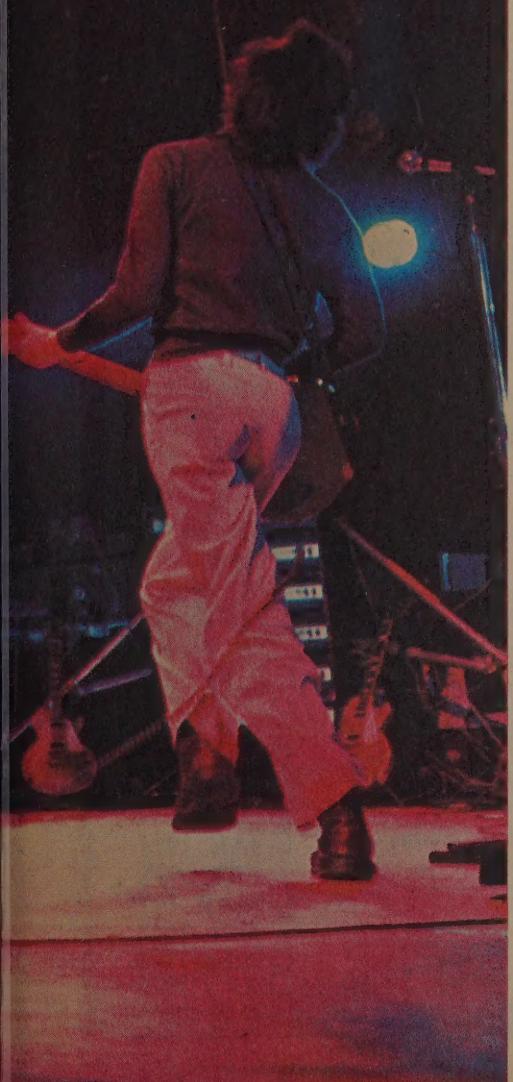
HP: I heard Courtney was going to do an album by himself.

RD: He's done it.

HP: Have you heard it?

RD: I've heard some of it, but he's changed it all. He's got a bit of paranoia about it because he's not really a singer, you know. But when I get back, I'm gonna see him. Because I'd like maybe to try and write with him. Because, as I say, this whole thing has brought such a lot of





Neal Preston

confidence out in me that I feel I'm really near to writing songs now, which is good.

HP: Whom is Sayer writing with now?

RD: I don't know. That's what's going to be interesting. It's going to be very interesting. But I mean, whatever happens, he's got a great feel for lyrics, and he really can sing. I'm glad he made it over here, I really am. It just proves that day when I heard that stuff in my studio, I was fucking right. And everybody slated his material when they first heard it over here. They slated my album, which had the originals of his material. They slated it because of the material. They didn't slate me. I must admit, they were trying to be kind to me, but they slated the material.

HP: Just when we arrived at the hotel, I was asking about "Quadrophenia."

RD: You know my opinions on that. I was always unhappy with that because I didn't like the production on the first two sides. I would just have liked the voice to be a bit more forward and the whole sound to be just a bit cleaner. But it kind of picks up in the second half. Townshend's lyrics aren't the kind of lyrics you can have that low in the mix. They're important. It's a minor criticism really, because it's not really a musical criticism, just a technical one. But I think the album could have done with it, just on the first side, mainly. I don't know what you think.

HP: I'm still of the opinion that, all in all, it's a better album than "Tommy."

RD: As a concept album, yeah. But I think we handled it wrong. I think where we went wrong on it is that Pete at the time was thinking with blinkers on. That whole mods and rockers thing — he

should just have put it over that that was our adolescence. Because American kids, not knowing anything about mods and rockers, just read what Townshend said about it, and I'm sure were not even really interested in the album. But if he'd have just said it's about adolescence and the problems you go through, they could have got an identity with it. He didn't put it over very well because he was thinking like that. Because if he thinks we were the only mods and rockers and our generation were the only kind of youngsters to go through that kind of problem, I think he's a bit naive. And Townshend's not naive you know. (At the thought of the very intellectual Mr. Townshend being naive, Roger can't help a few chuckles.)

HP: I heard there were a lot of difficulties recording your new album, "Who by Numbers." What's the story?

RD: We had a lot of problems. (There is a brief pause while he ponders his words.) We've had a management problem and we're in litigation at the moment with our management. We've had a problem there for four years, really. They have been nonconstructive, and, in a way, it's been almost worse than having no management. And I've been onto Townshend about it, and it finally came to a head with some things that went down between them and John during John's tour with Ox. So I phoned up Pete and said, "Look, Pete, if we don't get rid of this fucking lot, I'm not going to record another Who album, because if they're going to get their slice of it, no fucking way." Because the Who don't shit on anyone. The Who's not the kind of band that deserves that shit. And that's what happened. It caused a lot of problems.

I was in the middle of the fucking film. They were all doing nothing, and nobody ever got it together and went to a solicitor (lawyer). We've been to a solicitor now and we found out that we've been screwed up the fucking alley, like most groups do. It's in litigation now. I can't say what areas we've been screwed in, but it's a nasty situation. Townshend wants out of it, but he doesn't want to be the one to do it, because he feels he owes them something. And it's a very one-sided friendship. So I said to Pete, "You can go and start recording the album. I'll listen to the demos, but I ain't going to sing on anything until we get the writs out." Once the writs came out, we went bang, straight into Shepperton Studios.

We had a few other problems as well, but it's come together and it's a fucking great album, really a good album. And I'm pleased with it, and I can see all our problems just going, but I want to get them out now before we get on the road, because that's the kind of shit that could break up a group. And the rumor's going around that fucking Daltrey's on an ego trip. I ain't on no fucking ego trip. I ain't changed at all, but I won't put up with the Who getting shit on, because I love them so much. I love it as a band, you know. And I'm not going to put up with that from anyone, even if it was the fucking queen. □

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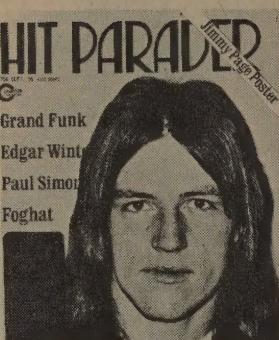
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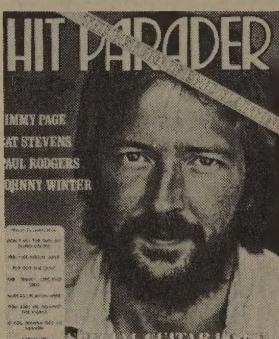
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"Workin' At The Car Wash Blues"
"Annie's Song"
"Already Gone"



NOV. 74

Jimmy Page
Paul Rodgers
Rick Wakeman
Cat Stevens
Johnny Winter

"Don't Let The Sun Go Down On Me"
"Feel Like Makin' Love"
"The Night Chicago Died"
"Rock & Roll Heaven"
"Shin' On"
"Sure As I'm Sittin' Here"



DEC. 74

Eric Clapton
Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young
Pete Townshend
Maria Muldaur
David Bowie

"Clap For The Wolfman"
"Eyes Of Silver"
"You're Having My Baby"
"I Shot The Sheriff"
"It's Only Rock & Roll"
"Nothing From Nothing"



JAN. 75

The Eagles
Todd Rundgren
Jimmy Page
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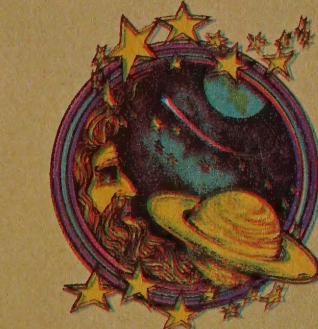
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Special Offer for all 10 Top Selling Designs—Enough to dress up your entire wardrobe. Each bright color high-quality vinyl transfer measures a full 16 square inches and is made to stand up to washing after washing. This incredible deal may not be repeated this season. So please order early to avoid disappointment.



SUPER VALUES, Dept. TG-93
300 East 42nd Street, New York, N.Y. 10017

FOR A FRIEND

Please rush me the complete set of 10 full-color, iron-on transfers.
I have enclosed:

\$1.00 for one complete set of 10 iron-on transfers.
 \$2.00 for two complete sets of iron-on transfers. (20 Transfers in all)

LIMIT 2 PER PERSON

PRINT NAME _____ AGE _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

SUPER VALUES, Dept. TG-93
300 East 42nd Street, New York, N.Y. 10017

FOR YOU

Please rush me the complete set of 10 full-color, iron-on transfers.
I have enclosed:

\$1.00 for one complete set of 10 iron-on transfers.
 \$2.00 for two complete sets of iron-on transfers. (20 Transfers in all)

LIMIT 2 PER PERSON

PRINT NAME _____ AGE _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

Scent-sational

\$1. Perfume Offer

We've faithfully created our version of ten of the world's most treasured and expensive fragrances. We'd like to send you a purse-pak sampler of all ten of our fragrances for only \$1 in this special introductory offer. We guarantee to refund your money in full if you or your friends can tell the difference.



White Shoulders approx. \$ 37.00 per oz.

Chanel No. 5 approx. \$ 40.00 per oz.

Charlie approx. \$ 35.00 per oz.

Emeraude approx. \$ 30.00 per oz.

Joy approx. \$100.00 per oz.

L'Air Du Temps approx. \$ 40.00 per oz.

My Sin approx. \$ 36.00 per oz.

Norell approx. \$ 60.00 per oz.

Shalimar approx. \$ 35.00 per oz.

Arpege approx. \$ 40.00 per oz.

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PERFUME, Dept. SP-152
10 Fragrance Lane Stamford, Conn. 06902

Please rush my sampler of all 10 of your fabulous fragrances. I have

enclosed:

\$1.00 plus 35¢ postage and handling for one sampler set of all 10 fragrances.
 \$2.00 for 2 complete sampler sets of all 10 fragrances.

(We'll pay all postage and handling charges)

LIMIT 2 PER FAMILY

PRINT NAME _____ AGE _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

Send \$2 for Canadian orders.

Orders not accompanied by money will not be processed.

FOR A FRIEND

PERFUME, Dept. SP-152
10 Fragrance Lane Stamford, Conn. 06902

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ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

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